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SOME DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Some day, when all life's lessons have been said—
The book is closed forever and for aye,
The page is sealed from which our eyes have read,
The brain at rest which labored through the day—
Death's night shall from its darkness more display
Than all our life has taught to us—some day.

Some day, when on the broken stem of life
The rose of death its petals one by one
Unfolds before us; and the cark and strife
Have ceased forever, and our work is done—
When life is finished, and its tale is told,
And hands are whitely folded, calm and cold,

The peace which passeth all shall enter in,
And never life be life without alloy;
And eyes shall open clouded not with sin,
But radiant with an exceeding joy—
Some day, when passed these storm-marked earthly skies,
The light shall break on our immortal eyes.

For oh, our hearts are weary while we wait;
Stern seems the Master of our earthly school;
He bears the visage of relentless Fate,
And holds our lives beneath an iron rule
We feel His rod, we bow beneath His sway,
But oh, my heart! we shall be glad—some day.

Some day—oh, how life's tendrils have been rent
By storms which gather on our earthly sky—
When all our hours of weariness are spent,
And all our woes are woes that have passed by,
No shadowed paths before our footsteps lay,
We shall rejoice, we shall be glad—some day.

For, folded safe within the Master's care,
Knowing the lessons life in vain would teach,
With that which here has burdened with vain care
Unbarred before us, and within our reach,
Life's mysteries unmystified shall lay
Before our scan. We shall rejoice—some day.

HANDSOME ANDRE;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL SAUNIER.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHOT FROM THE THICKET.

Even to-day the lovely sloping banks of the River Oise preserve their air of mysterious romance. But the castles of old have disappeared, the broad moats have been filled up, the impregnable battlements have gone to dust with the mouldered knights who manned them.

Among the most formidable of these ancient castles of France was the Chateau de Laumirail. It was situated near the village of Mureaux, on a commanding crest of the ridge that rises in a gentle slope from the right bank of the Oise. This chateau had been built in the time of Henri III, and had from the first belonged to the Barons of Laumirail, whose gallantry had won them and their ancestors snug places within the shadow of the throne. Surrounded by immense woods, and rich with forty farms that paid a royal tribute, this domain was among the richest of the entire Isle land.

At the time of the opening of our narrative (October, 1651) the Baron de Laumirail, the sole surviving member of his branch of the family, was a widower without a child. The elder branch was represented by Francois and Irene, sole heirs of the Count de Laumirail, who had died in 1648, confiding his two children to the care of the Baron, his brother. Francois was ten years older than Irene. He had inherited the title of Count, and the appanages composing the fief of Laumirail, with the exception of a single one, and that the finest property, which the Count had willed to his daughter as her dowry.

As to the Baron, he was fifty years old when his wife died, leaving him childless. He had no thoughts of a second marriage, but, being unwilling to live alone, he formally adopted an orphan—Robert De Jouy—the only son of one of his old friends, a baron like himself. Robert made his home at the Chateau de Laumirail from the time of his adoption, although he owned at Jouy, only three leagues from the chateau, a castle in very fine condition, notwithstanding its age, and surrounded by lands broad enough and rich enough to bring him in a fine revenue. The widower and the orphan joined their misfortunes and seemed happy in their isolation. Each day they rode or walked together over their grounds, and they were inseparable companions in the hunt or on the semi-annual trips it was their custom to make to Paris.

The day our narrative begins, the Baron and Robert had been enjoying a longer ride than usual, and were returning to the chateau as evening was drawing on. The setting sun was blazing in the west, and the scene from the high ground of the ridge where the forest road emerged into the open grounds of the chateau was truly grand.

"Ah, Ha!" said Robert, gazing rapturously on the lovely scene spread out before him, "we have come to the end of a long day of waiting."

"Not yet," observed the Baron.

"Ah, but it is only a few minutes longer, at most. The sun will be entirely set in half an hour."

"Of course it will."

"And consequently in an hour our chaplain will unite me with her I love."

"True," said the Baron, shaking his head as if deep in some sad thoughts.

"But what ails you?" said Robert. The more I look at you, the more I find you sad and thoughtful. Is this a visage befitting a day like this? Perhaps you regret having bestowed on me the hand of your niece."

"On the contrary, I wish that the marriage ceremony had been performed at this moment."

"Then why this preoccupation, this gloom, on your part?"

"Ah," sighed the Baron, "I shall not be tranquil until it is all over."

"What do you fear?" asked Robert, paling slightly.

"Everything and nothing, my child. I have sad presentiments."

"Is that all?" said the young man, with a light laugh.

"I will conceal nothing from you. Do you think, really, that my nephew, Francois, will be favorable to this union?"

"I don't think he ardently desires it," said Robert; "but that matters nothing. Provided he submits to the wish of his dying father and to your authority in the matter, I am satisfied."

"True, but my nephew is not generous. He will not be easily induced to give up to Irene the landed estates left her by her father as a dowry."

"How can he retain them?"

"I do not know," replied the Baron; "but I am sure that that clause in the will has annoyed him greatly, and that he will not easily resign himself to the idea of losing the best part of his father's estate."

"Well, he must decide very soon then, for you have given directions for the immediate execution of that clause in the will."

"I simply obey the dying wishes of my brother."

"I deplore this state of things; for, if you had taken my advice, there would have been none of this trouble, and you would not have been afflicted by Irene's forebodings. I never wanted the estate. Have I not my own grand domain of Jouy, which is worth twice the sum the dowry is valued at? Have not both Irene and I told you often that we were satisfied without it, that your paternal bounty would alone make us rich and happy?"

"Oh, I do you that justice, my dear Robert. I know it is not a question of wealth that moves you, but I cannot allow Irene to renounce the fortune bestowed on her by my dead brother. The Count desired this legacy to be given to his daughter. He charged me with the duty of seeing justice done her, and it would have been an act of weakness and villainy had I sacrificed her interests to the cupidity of Francois."

"Well, then," said Robert, "he has not everything been accomplished as you desire? Come now, no more of these weak fears. I insist that you share the joy with which my heart is overflowing."

He had hardly spoken these words when a shot resounded on the air, and a bullet whistled by his head. Involuntarily he threw the rein upon his horse upon his haunches. Rapidly he cast his eyes about him.

In the direction whence the sound had come he perceived indistinctly the figure of a man precipitately retreating through the thick woods.

"Wretch!" he shouted, disentangling hastily.

He was about to start off in pursuit, when, glancing at the Baron, he saw him sway in his saddle, and then clasp his right arm to his breast and fall forward on the neck of his horse.

"What has happened you?" cried the young man, hurrying towards his companion to prevent him falling to the ground.

"I am dying," groaned the Baron feebly.

"Merciful Heaven! It was at you, then, that the arquebuse was aimed?" screamed Robert in tones of anguish.

He at once took the Baron in his arms, laid him on a mossy bank beside the road, and tore open his coat. A stream of blood stained the vestments of the old man. Robert gave him every attention, but found with great alarm that the ball had entered the breast and gone through the body.

Carefully wiping the blood away, and applying his handkerchief to the wound to retard the hemorrhage, he got the wounded man on his horse with some difficulty, and, riding close beside him to support him in his seat, regained the chateau, which was not far distant from the scene of the dastardly deed. When they arrived in the courtyard the Baron lost all consciousness and fainted in the arms of the servants who had come out to meet him.

"Quick!" said Robert. "Carry the Baron to his chamber. One of you hasten to Mureaux and bring a surgeon. Let the rest beat the woods for the assassin, and bring him to me alive or dead."

A strong party set out with all dispatch, armed with whatever weapons they could lay their hands on first. Meantime Robert superintended the arrangements for the comfort of the wounded man.

In the height of these sad services the door of the apartment opened and Francois entered.

"What is this they tell me?" cried he. "My uncle assassinated?"

"Yes," groaned Robert; "and may Heaven, which has permitted it, make it recoil threefold on the assassin."

Irene entered also at this moment. She came to learn something of the great misfortune that had befallen them. She saw Robert bathed in tears, and Francois with bowed head and pallid face, but dry eyes. The young girl, with a wild cry of anguish, threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and, seizing the inert hand of the Baron, bathed it in her tears.

The old man seemed like one dead, except that occasionally he gave a long, faint respiration and a painful heaving of the chest. When Robert saw Irene fall in tears beside the wounded man, he arose resolutely. Incapable of remaining longer inactive, and anxious to know if the search for the assassin had met with any success, he moved toward the door of the apartment.

"Do not leave him while I am away," said he to the young girl, and hastened away from the bedside, but was met at the door by the surgeon. His anxiety to know what hope there was remaining detained him and turned him aside from his original purpose. He waited and watched the movements of the doctor with feverish interest. The latter approached the bed, raised the coverlet carefully, and bent over the body of the Baron. Slowly and with infinite precautions he examined the wound, and then stood wrapt in deep thought for some moments without giving utterance to a word.

This silence was an evil augury. Robert understood it, but he waited, still clinging to a faint hope.

"Well, sir?" he asked, his patience finally exhausting itself.

The only reply the surgeon made was to gravely shake his head. He took from his pocket a flask filled with red liquid, poured a few drops in a glass of water, and then, raising the Baron's head, administered the potion to his feverish lips. The salutary effect of the medicine was visible almost immediately. The patient opened his eyes, and the color came back to his cheeks. His glance fell on Irene, who still clung to his hand. He smiled sadly.

"Poor child!" he murmured in a faint voice. Then, transferring his glance to Robert, who stood near by, the picture of misery, he said: "It will be nothing; do not be alarmed."

Finally, his eyes rested on Francois, who preserved his attitude of sullen observation. He did not speak when his eyes fell on him, but he stared at his nephew with so persistent a look that the latter turned away embarrassed.

"Leave me!" said the Baron sternly, and with a painful effort.

Francois bowed coldly. Irene arose, and both reluctantly left the apartment. Robert was about to follow them, but the old man detained him.

"Stop," said he, "I have need of you, my son."

The Baron was alone with Robert and the surgeon. Turning to the latter, he said:

"My case is hopeless—is it not?"

The surgeon made no reply.

"Do not fear to tell me the truth," said the Baron. "I have no hope myself. I expect death at any moment. All I wish to know is, shall I have time to put my affairs in order before the moment arrives?"

"You are not at extremities, monsieur," said the surgeon evasively.

"Then would you oblige me by stepping into the adjoining apartment for a few moments?" said the Baron. "But do not stay away long, for this interview will be a short one."

The surgeon retired.

"Well, my poor Robert," said the Baron, "you see my presentiments did not deceive me?"

"Ah, Heaven is not just, if it permit this," said the young man.

"Heaven chooses mysterious ways to arrive at its ends. It is not for us to judge of them. To be sure, I would have preferred death on the field of battle to thus dying in my bed; but, as I have no choice left me, I must be resigned to my fate. I foresaw what has happened, and all my precautions have been taken in advance."

"What precautions?" asked Robert.

"Take this key," said the Baron, offering him a small object, which he had up to this time held tightly clutched in the palm of his hand. Robert took it, and the old man continued in a voice worth twice the sum the dowry is valued at? Have not both Irene and I told you often that we were satisfied without it, that your paternal bounty would alone make us rich and happy?"

"Oh, I do you that justice, my dear Robert. I know it is not a question of wealth that moves you, but I cannot allow Irene to renounce the fortune bestowed on her by my dead brother. The Count desired this legacy to be given to his daughter. He charged me with the duty of seeing justice done her, and it would have been an act of weakness and villainy had I sacrificed her interests to the cupidity of Francois."

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THE THREE GRACES,
Costumed to meet the requirements of the strangers now visiting our theatres.

The chateau silent and gloomy. The servants he had sent out to follow the track of the assassin had not yet returned. Mechanically he strayed into the garden through the open gateway leading from the court, and walked slowly along a pathway thickly bordered with luxuriant bushes. He had not walked far when he was aroused from his melancholy thoughts by the sound of hurried footsteps behind him. He threw himself quickly among the bushes and listened. In a moment after he had taken this precaution, a man burst through the bushes on the other side of the path, and, running along a few paces, fell panting and exhausted on a bank near his place of concealment. The stranger had evidently had a long run, for his exhaustion was complete. Robert tried in vain to get a fair view of his face. In the twilight which had fallen it was not easy to distinguish features at a short distance even. He was about approaching the strange man when he was arrested in his design by the sound of the crackling of the gravel of the path under the feet of a newcomer.

He cast his eyes in the direction of the sound, and in the approaching figure, notwithstanding the uncertainty of the twilight, he recognized Francois De Laumirail.

"Is it you, Jacques?" asked a timid voice.

This time Robert could not be mistaken. It was Francois and his valet who were before him. What business had they in the garden at such an hour? Robert anxiously awaited the development of the mystery.

To the master's question the valet had only replied in a gesture, which had a double signification, meaning at once "speak lower," and "have patience; give me time to breathe."

"Ah, my lord, what a chase!" he said after a long pause to recover himself.

"Then you have not killed you!" cried the Count in a rage. "you've kept me waiting for an hour."

"And I've been an hour trying to get back," said Jacques. "If you think I like to be the game in the grand hunt that has been going on during that time, you were never so mistaken in your life."

"What do you mean, fool?"

"What do I mean? I mean that some devil let loose all the servants of the chateau on my track. They worried me, pursued and tracked me like a wild beast, and I was compelled to double on them or fly. All night long not come to my rescue, no close were they on my track, I would surely have been captured or killed."

"Well, you're safe, after all, for they have lost all trace of you, I think. They did not pursue you to the garden, did they?"

"Luckily, no. Thanks to the darkness, I doubled on them again, and reached this spot in safety."

"And where are they now?"

"Oh, far from here, I suppose, imagining that I am flying before them."

"Well, then, explain to me what has happened. How is it that my uncle ——"

Robert was inspired with a ray of hope when he heard these words. The explanation which Francois asked of the valet seemed to prove that he was not a party to the assassination of the Baron.

"Oh, I can explain that very easily, my lord," said Jacques in reply. "Lying in my ambush, with my arquebuse beside me, I saw the chateau you indicated, where the roadway is so steep that a horseman has to put his horse at a walk to descend, I saw the Baron and Monsieur Robert approach. I aimed point-blank at the young gentleman, and fired; but a sudden movement of his horse threw him out of line, and the ball, passing him, struck the Baron, who was beside him."

"Stupid!" cried Francois with a gesture of impatience.

"Not so stupid, my lord, for the result is the same, is it not?"

Robert trembled involuntarily. Doubt was no longer possible. It was at him, and not at the Baron, that Jacques' arquebus had been aimed. Only by a miracle had his life been saved.

"No, fool! the result is not the same," said the Count angrily.

"How?" said Jacques. "If I understood the affair, your only object was to prevent the marriage of Monsieur Robert with your niece, Irene. If the Baron dies, the marriage cannot take place, of course, unless you agree; so the result is the same."

"Double idiot!" said the Count, beside himself with passion. "If Robert had fallen by your shot, the marriage would have been rendered impossible, but I would have inherited the domain of Laumirail."

"But you will inherit it now more surely, and quicker, since your uncle cannot live as long as he would but for my deed."

"Fool! if my uncle dies of your bungling work, it is Robert who will inherit the barony. I have learned from friends of mine that the Baron has already made a will leaving all to him."

"Who knows?" said the rascally valet. "Perhaps the Baron has never told Monsieur Robert of this will, and if you could only get it in your hands ——"

"I have thought of that," said the Count, "and when the Baron breathes his last, which cannot be a long time from now, I'll drive his favorite from the chateau without delay. Meantime we must be on our guard. Steal back to your chamber and go to bed and feign to be sick, while I will return to the chateau and keep the run of passing events."

With these words Francois and the valet walked away and disappeared in the direction of the chateau. Robert followed a few moments after, and went at once to the chamber of the wounded man. The surgeon stopped him at the door.

"Not yet," said he respectfully. "The Baron's chaplain is with him."

These words called to Robert's mind the mournful recollection that this was the hour at which the priest was to have been present for the purpose of uniting him and Irene in marriage.

In a short time the door opened and the holy man appeared.

"Enter, monsieur," said he. "The Baron has been asking for you."

A smile came to the lips of the dying man when he saw Robert. The latter would have thrown his arms about his benefactor, but the surgeon restrained him, and administered to the wounded nobleman, a few drops more of the cordial which had been so efficacious in the first instance in reviving his mental forces. The Baron seized the hand of Robert and pressed it warmly.

"Well, have you any news?" asked he. "Is the assassin discovered? Was I mistaken?"

"Yes and no, my lord," said Robert. "The servants have not yet returned. They have lost the track, but I have found it again."

"You? Why, you have not been away from the chateau?"

"True, sir; but while in the garden, a moment ago, I overheard a conversation between Francois and his valet, that leaves no room for doubt that your dreadful suspicion is true."

"Tell me—what did you learn?" asked the Baron feverishly.

"It was not against you, my lord, that the weapon of the assassin was directed."

"It was you, then?"

"Yes, my lord. It was I who should have fallen, instead of you."

"Thank Heaven, then," said the old man, "that your life is preserved—that I give my life for yours. Open the doors between the apartments, Robert. Let all the people of the chateau enter."

The young man hastily obeyed, and Irene, Francois, the priest, the surgeon, and two or three old servants silently filed into the apartment.

"Listen to me," said the Baron in a strong voice when all had ranged themselves before his bed. "Let my instructions be carried out to the letter. Since I cannot go to the chapel, let an altar be raised here in this room, and let the chaplain proceed on the instant with the marriage of Robert and Irene."

These words awakened general suprise. Irene and Robert exchanged melancholy glances. Francois knitted his brows, while his hand grasped the hilt of the dagger which hung from his girdle. The servants did not move, being unable to realize that the Baron was in his senses in giving such an order.

"Am I to be obeyed?" said the dying man.

"Your pardon, uncle," said Francois, "but it seems an unhappy moment to choose for such a ceremony."

"What! you?" cried the Baron, "Dare you raise your voice against my orders?"

"But, uncle ——"

"Silence!" interrupted the old man. "And you," said he to the servants, "what do you wait for? Am I not your master? Go—do as I bid you. I command it! You understand? I—I ——"

The effort he had made had exhausted his strength. A stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and his hands clutched the air. The surgeon hastened to the bedside. The convulsions gradually lost their power, and in a few moments ceased altogether. The doctor applied his ear to the chest of his patient; then, rising and taking the ebony crucifix from the hands of the priest and placing it on the body of the Baron, said in a solemn tone:

"Pray for him!"

These words, conveying the realization to the mind of Robert that all was over, sent a chill, indefinable terror to his soul. As the priest began mournfully intoning his prayer for the dead, the young man's brain reeled, and he fell unconscious to the floor. The surgeon directed the servants to convey him to his chamber. He was taken to his apartment, and when at last he returned to consciousness the physician administered a powerful potion, and, preparing another, left it on the table with directions to the valet to administer it when the patient recovered from the effects of the first dose.

In removing the clothing of the young Baron, the servants found a piece of parchment, closely folded, and bearing the royal seal, next his heart. This they placed on the table, and retiring, and the surgeon's assistant, seating himself in an easy-chair, mounted guard beside his slumbering charge. During this time, Francois, who had preserved his coolness throughout the scene of death, had led his sister to her apartment, and, alone, returned again to the chamber of the dead Baron. No one remained but the priest.

Francois wandered about the apartment, making furtive researches. Where was the parchment he had heard of? Suddenly his eye rested on the secretary, in which Robert had left the key. He opened the polished door.

"No," said he; "the Baron would not dispose of so precious a document thus carelessly."

He examined each of the drawers carefully, however, but without finding what he sought. The priest was engaged in his prayers, and paid no attention to him, and he improved the opportunity to search the apartment thoroughly. Having satisfied himself that nothing that was of interest was concealed there, he left the room, and had reached the staircase, when a tumult in the courtyard came to his ears. Inquiring of a passing servant, he learned that it was occasioned by the servants who had been in pursuit of the assassin, and who had returned, after an unsuccessful chase, to learn of the Baron's death. They were discussing the events of the day in loud tones and with much excitement; but what they said or thought mattered little to him, for he knew that Jacques had done back, and he had nothing to fear. As he passed the door of Robert's chamber, he paused suddenly. The idea struck him to enter. He pushed the door gently open, and saw the young man stretched out on his bed unconscious. Near him was the surgeon's assistant, who was charged with the the duty of watching him through the night. The Count's glance ran rapidly over the apartment, and rested finally, with a fixed stare, on the table. He saw on it the folded parchment that the servants had found on Robert's body. Involuntarily the Count grasped the hilt of his rapier. Instinctively he felt that this was the document he sought. He had but one thought, one object—to reach the table and possess himself of this parchment. He walked boldly in, and, making an inquiry of the attendant as to the condition of the patient, rested his hand upon the precious document. A moment after, when he had gone from the room, the watcher noticed that the vial containing the patient's potion was alone on the table. The parchment had disappeared.

Arrived in his apartment, the Count hastened to convince himself that he had really secured the will, and then, thinking that the same accident that had thrown it into his hands might possibly restore it to Robert, flung it in the flames of the wood fire that was blazing on the hearth, and with infinite satisfaction watched it blacken and burn.

"Now I am master here," cried he in tones of exultation.

He sent for the surgeon immediately, and inquired how his patient was doing.

"Oh, very well," was the answer. "A day of rest and some care will bring him round again."

"I am glad of that," said the Count; "for then he can endure removal, and I am about to give orders that he be carried on a litter at once to his own chateau at Jouy. You may take charge of his removal, if you think he needs such care, but he must go at once, or, at farthest, at an early hour to-morrow."

On the morrow, thanks to the careful nursing of the physician, Robert had regained his strength and felt resigned in some measure to the terrible blow that he had received in the death of the Baron. The surgeon told him of the orders he had received the night before regarding his instant departure, and Robert thanked him for having so far disobeyed them as to wait until he had recovered, before putting them into execution. He smiled as he listened to the recital of the Count's imperious order, and, returning to the attendant who had remained in the apartment, gave him the signal.

"Where have you put the parchment I had on me when I was brought here last evening?"

"On the table, my lord," was the answer. "But it has disappeared."

"Who has been here during the night?" asked Robert.

"No one but the surgeon and I, monsieur. Ah, yes, the Count was here a moment to ask about your condition!"

"Ha! Then I understand all," said the young man wildly. "I am lost!"

He hastily dressed, descended to the courtyard, and ordered his horse saddled at once. As he was placing his foot in the stirrup, he saw before him the Count, wearing a triumphant smile on his lips. Robert walked boldly to him.

"Monsieur," said he, "if I had not respect for the dead master of this place, if I had not sworn to him that I would spare you, I would not fly before you now. But Heaven and I will call you to a terrible account some day, and triumph of assassins and robbers will have an end!"

With these words he sprang into the saddle and was gone in an instant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FRENCH EXECUTION.

The Last Fifty-five Seconds in a Man's Life.

'Twas the doomed man. He was tall and thin. He is stiff in his bearing, and walks very slowly. His haggard eye is fixed on the guillotine, which he sees for the first time. His face seems to reflect some object of an earthy, yellow color. One of the executioner's assistants removes the jacket from his shoulders. The upper part of his shirt has been cut off, and his bare breast and shoulders were visible. The executioner seized him by the left armpit. An assistant executioner seized him by the right arm-pit. Another assistant pushed him from behind. A third assistant went rapidly by us, and stood near the yoke which keeps the head motionless. The doomed man tottered as he came forward. He said to the assistant who pushed him: "Not so fast!" but his voice was strangled, for he had no saliva in his mouth. He reached the scaffold. Its vertical plank came nearly up to the hollow of his breast. The assistants pushed the plank, which from vertical became horizontal, tripped up the doomed man, who fell on it horizontally, his abdomen next the plank. He tried to rise by exerting his knees and arms. He murmured some inarticulate words. The executioner and two assistants pushed him violently forward, so as to bring his head immediately under the yoke. The doomed man must have felt the sensation of a person who falls down an abyss. The executioner bends forward to see if the neck is in proper position. His assistant lets the yoke fall on the doomed man's head. This yoke imprisons the head as if the yoke were a vise. The doomed man must have felt this fall distinctly. It must be as if he were twice executed. All this took time. I counted my pulse; it beat four times while this was taking place. This is long. The executioner raised a little lever. The knife fell. It could be followed as it fell. It attained its greatest velocity only at the close of the fall. The head bounced into a zinc box. It seemed to me I could see, as the knife fell with an indistinct rumble, the doomed man's soul take flight. The headless corpse is tossed by the assistants into the basket, where it lies on its back. The executioner wheels on his right foot, and turns his face towards us, his back to the scaffold. He indicates by this final movement, which he never fails to make, that, once the criminal beheaded, his part is at an end. The rest is his assistants' business. One of them shook the zinc box to make the head fall into the basket. I saw it roll over and over, like a ball, on the bloody bran. I staggered and shut my eyes.

A SPIRITED DISCUSSION.

"Wazzer mazzer mix Hane?"
"Yes, wazzer mazzer?"
"Hayes don't treat his family right."
"Izzie—he dox."
"Izzie—he don't."
"Wazzer mazzer him?"
"Hayes never got any turnout."
"Was at got adoo mis Presdent?"
"Nozing. Stildens one bezzer."
"Stilson—a man!"
"So? Sadams."
"So? Doo Dozzammer."
"Wha's Doorslammer?"
"Fannel Hall 'rator!"
"D——d Dom'unmer. I'm speezing Stilden."
"So? L."
"Stildens smo man! Stilson brat shey sazzezors minimum tax—hed four bazzel money in zellar."
"Was zo. Hayes horse was smo more zan fity dozzers. Smo man, smo man."

OCTOBER.

The Approaching Elections—With Advice to Voters.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY MATT MCARNO.

These are the times when patriots are intent
On saving their loved land—from one another!
When each rapacious candidate is bent
On bidding more for votes than does the other;
When much is said and very little meant,
And demagogues address the man and brother
In words expressive of a warm affection
Which hardly will survive the next election.

The suffering South and eke the plundered North,
Sectarian schools, high tariff and low taxes,
Are themes on which the orators belch forth
Their flood of eloquence, which fiercer waxes,
Lest one should see beneath this stream of froth
That they have got their individual axes,
Which they are bent persistently on grinding
Behind a spray of words that's really blinding.

Two rules suffice to govern all the parties:
Praise your own side and curse the opposition,
And do it plausibly—and there the art is
Of being a successful politician.
Slap hard your breast, where men suppose your heart is,
And swear if you obtain some high position
You'll use it to assist the toiling masses—
On the presumption that they all are asses.

The women—bless their presence!—have no votes,
Except in Wyoming; but, if you're sensible,
Drop bifurcated bipeds wearing coats,
And make your points to ladies comprehensible;
The candidate who on the babies dotes,
Although his public life be indefensible,
Will win. Remember, too, no speech is laden
With half the influence of a handsome maiden.

One word to those who do the solid voting—
Don't swallow all the nonsense that you hear,
The staunch old Ship of State has now been floating
In calm or troubled waters many a year,
And those who steer her often have been gloating
Upon the chance of pirates being near;
But if the honest sailors act together,
She'll stem the trade-winds in this noisy weather.

The place-men, holding out their little dishes
To catch the drippings, always are erratic;
Their fears are mostly fathered by their wishes.
John Randolph said, in language quite emphatic,
"Their principles are seven—five loaves, two fishes!"
Go vote Republican or Democratic
Next month, but keep your head and senses sober
Through all the days of boisterous October.

THE TEMPERATE FAMILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A friend of ours who delights in the name of Jones, with "Major" attached, had business of an important nature in the "Hub of the Universe," Boston. While hurrying through one of those straight streets which that city is noted for, he accidentally stumbled against an acquaintance whom he had been introduced to in New York. After the every-day salutations and chat, our friend Jones invited the New England Pilgrim to take a "ball," and was doubly surprised on being told that such a thing could not be had in New England, and that the person speaking did not drink. It was "dead-rot" to the Major, but he had to grin and bear it, parting from his friend with the assurance that he, the Major, would pay a visit to the farm of his friend Millen before he left Boston. Major Jones came to the conclusion that Millen did not know the ropes, as he himself had then about ten cocktails in him, which were his regular dose while in Boston; for, as he told us, fewer than that would not create an appetite for a good dinner, which that city is proverbial for.

At length the Major's business was finished, and, packing his valise, he started towards the home of his friend Millen. Fearing a shock to his nerves, in case fluid was not abundant, the Major, sensible-like, smuggled a little vial of the ardent in among his luggage, from which, on several occasions during his journey, he tasted—to test the strength of the article only—to all of which he vouched his word to us, and of course, knowing him to be a man of truth, we believed him. Arriving at the longed-for place, he vowed it was like heaven and all other good places—hard to get to. But, anyhow, he was met by the host in a spirit of friendship and hospitality, and, after a general introduction to the numerous family and a hearty supper, the Major retired for the night, and in sweet repose dreamed of nothing but cold water. Early next morning he awoke refreshed, and sauntered out for a ramble among the green fields, but not forgetting to take his "medicine" before breathing the morning air. On his return from the walk, the first person he met was Mrs. Millen, and thus she spoke:

"Good-morning, Major Jones."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Millen."

"Major, I reckon you feel very lonesome in these parts, and can see nothing to interest you."

"Why, madam, everything I see is interesting; and, as it is a novelty to me, I assure you that to me the appreciation is the greater."

"Well, Major, I have never been in York, but I have always heard that New-Yorkers were very fond of an eye-opener, and, as we are strictly temperance, I pitied you."

"I thank you, Mrs. Millen, for your sympathy, and will be honest enough to say that a small dram would not be against the grain after a morning's walk."

"Well, Major, can you keep a secret?"

"Most assuredly, madam; a secret, above all things, is the little something always next my heart."

"Major, this is in confidence; for, as I said before, we are all strictly temperate, and the old man would raise Delilah if he thought there was a drop of the Devil's water in the house. But I am growing old and weak, and there does keep a little good rum hidden in the house for my own use, for at times I find that a small quantity relieves me greatly; and if you have no objections, I will bring you some."

"Why, Mrs. Millen, if you were single I would say you were an angel, but, anyhow, I must think you are one; so fetch the old stuff along."

In a jiffy Mrs. Millen, with a black bottle, a glass, and a small pitcher of ice-water, made her reappearance, and the Major did ample justice to the feast set before him by taking a large horn.

"Don't tell the old man."

"Oh, no—that is something you can bet your life on."

Shortly afterwards Major Jones sat down to a good, old-fashioned New England breakfast, and discussed with the family the horrors of intemperance. From the way the Major pulled up his vest, any sane person would conclude that he was not lacking in appetite; and, after the repast was over, the Major and his host took a quiet whiff out of an old pipe which had done good service.

The farmer went to his daily toil, and the Major went upstairs to warm his back, but really went to sleep, from which he awoke about an hour before noon, and then, after a few brief words with the female portion of the family, took a stroll to where Mr. Millen was making wealth by the sweat of his brow. On the approach of Major Jones, the farmer laid down his implements of husbandry, and, the two getting seated on a log, the conversation naturally turned on the topic of temperance, Mr. Millen stating that the New-Yorkers were terrible drinkers, and it was horrible to contemplate the amount of vice and sin in that large city, "and all caused by rum." But Major Jones stated that the most temperate people in the world live in New York, for they were regular drinkers, but not gluttons; and, suiting the action to the word, he pulled out his watch and said that, if he were in New York, the present hour was about the time he generally imbibed. Mr. Millen looked at the Major in a curious sort of way, and said that he and his family were strictly temperate, but, if the Major would promise not to tell the old woman anything about it, he would keep him from further longing. Putting his hand in a hole in the old log, out came a darling of a bottle, and in it was the pure Medford rum. Not having a tumbler, the farmer suggested that the rum would taste sweeter if the Major would put the mouth of the bottle in close connection with his own mouth. The Major seized the opportunity, or rather the bottle, and from the length of time he held that bottle in a slanting position it was natural to infer that it was leaking rapidly. Mr. Millen remarked, as before, that the New-Yorkers were terrible drinkers, and, hoisting the "Black Bess" to his own mouth, seized a horn of the same proportions, kept a record of the game on paper. They appeared to be playing whist. At two small tables in the far corner of the room six or seven women, with one or two men, were interested in games of chance, apparently poker or euchre, and money appeared to be passing freely, but rather silently. Taking down a billiard-cue, we accepted the challenge of Mme. Burgoine, and engaged, with our friend and a girl who had just prepared to start for home, in a friendly game of billiards. These are a few of the observations made during a short visit to a retreat whose existence is unknown to even the business men in its vicinity."—*Kansas City Times.*

AN AWFUL MOMENT.—Last night, a man who had been playing for four or five hours at a faro-table in Virginia said, in a quiet, determined tone to the dealer, as he laid his last dollar's worth of checks on the tray and five: "If I lose that I'll blow my brains out." There was a hush in that room, for those souls are bartered nightly for the chance of winning gold. Youths fevered with the excitement of the hazard drew back at the awful threat, and old gamesters cast an eye of dread upon the pale-faced man who staked his life upon a card. To say pin-drop which almost always rises from a group of gamblers was hushed. The long, thin fingers of the dealer trembled. His colorless face twitched nervously. The jaw of the attending waiter dropped, and his tray was held mechanically by the servant hand. Slowly the cards were thrown from the little oil-var box. The five lost! The money of the ruined gamester was added swiftly to the dealer's board. The features of the lost gambler were terrible to behold. With one swift gesture of despair he turned and said to a friend in a husky whisper, "Bob, len' me a dollar." "Go to black," replied the faithless friend as he laid a four-bit check on the king. Then the relenting suicide passed out, and stood Fatty Evans off for a plate of oysters.

FEMALE GAMBLERS IN THE WEST.

The existence of a female gambling-house in this city has been suspected by some, and known to a few favored ones for some time past—in fact, ever since the opening of the institution. At first it bloomed and flourished during the Winter months as the reception department of Miss Mary Landon and Mme. Burgoine, on Main street, near the Junction. These two feminines passed for mother and daughter, and by their industry and modest deportment won their way into the family acquaintance of some of the best families in the city. How or where they obtained capital sufficient to fit up and open their present magnificent establishment, is one of those things the ordinary news-gatherer fails to find out, but that the madame and her fair young daughter have made money, and lots of it, too, since they left their rooms near the Junction, it is plainly evident to those who visit their snug and sylvan retreat. The police made the first complaint about these women early last Spring or Winter, but they soon afterwards removed from the building complained of, no one cared to inquire where they went.

It was left to an occasional contributor of *The Times* to rediscover the retreat of these now notable females, and give an idea of the way in which fast girls and boys pass the nights, as some of them say, "out of town on business."

The secret leaked out through a colored girl, who was recently discharged for some irregularity, and imparted by her to another person, who visited the "retreat." They call it the "retreat" because of its charming privacy and apparent obscurity. It is on Main street, not far from the Court-house. The appearance of the building would not strike the ordinary observer as a building unoccupied. The windows are darkened above, and, were it not for the side-door, left open night and day, but which is seldom used, no one would suppose the upper part of the building occupied. But it is now discovered to be the popular place of resort for various classes of people, who nightly assemble to play with and provoke Dame Fortune as represented by her most fascinating votaries. But let the last victim tell his own story:

"We were shown first into a small but neatly furnished ante-room, lighted only by the light which penetrated from the next room, which, in the darkness, appeared brilliantly lighted. Our party was admitted immediately on the presentation of cards previously furnished at the gambling-house we had just left, and a gayly-dressed colored girl admitted us to the parlors adjoining, where the madame greeted us and engaged us in conversation for a few minutes, and then led the way to the place we had come to see—'the retreat.'

"It was a strange sight—one that fairly astounded one at first glance. Here, in a room gaudily but tastefully decorated, and brilliantly lighted, were assembled at least thirty men and women, three-fourths of whom were engaged in the fascination of games of chance. At one table sat the quondam seamstress Miss Landon, attired in a loose, white wrapper, her fingers glittering with pearls. She was dealing faro for the amusement of a young merchant of this city and two women, both strangers to me. Four or five persons sat by the table, looking lazily on, smoking and sipping refreshments. At an adjoining table two men and three women were engaged in a game in which bright, new half-dollars passed for checks, and gold pieces occasionally passed current. One of the women, a 'girl of the period,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

C. F., St. Louis.—"Jack Cade" was written by R. T. Conrad of Philadelphia, Pa., who gave the play the title of "The Noble Yeoman," but, at the suggestion of the late F. C. Wemyss, changed it to "Jack Cade." The late Augustus A. Addams accepted the play and was to have originally acted the title-role. The piece was repeatedly announced for production, but, owing to Mr. Addams' unfortunate weakness, it was ever postponed. It was finally produced Dec. 9, 1835, with David Ingersoll as Jack Cade. Mr. Addams acted the character Feb. 1, 1836; but he failed to please, his performance not being equal to Ingersoll's. The play was then sold property of F. C. Wemyss, and, at his request, Judge Conrad rewrote it in 1839 to suit the views of Edwin Forrest, and rechristened it "Aylmere, or the Kentish Rebellion," under which title this version was first acted at the Park Theatre, New York, May 24, 1841. It was again altered, and reproduced under the title of "Jack Cade." The question of the title of property in the play was never legally settled. Mr. Wemyss paid Mr. Conrad $300 and a certain share of the receipts-money on its third performance. When he requested Judge Conrad to rewrite it for Mr. Forrest, Mr. Conrad expected to reap some benefit from it, as it was to have been produced at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, then under Mr. Wemyss' management, during Mr. Forrest's engagement; but the latter deferred it, and produced it at the Park. Mr. Wemyss never received one cent of remuneration for giving up his property. Many other actors have played the title-role; and, although Mr. Forrest attempted by legal proceedings to prevent them from doing so, he never absolutely succeeded in restraining the production of the play by persons other than himself. It would be difficult, now or definitely by whom, when and where "Jack Cade" was last acted.

BARNABY, Nashville.—"N is at the bat, and a man is on third base. Pitcher delivers the ball to catcher, and the ball strikes the body of a person in the crowd behind the catcher (no backstop), and rebounds to catcher, who touches the man coming home from third. The umpire decides the man out, when the captain of the Amateur Rules; whereupon the umpire called the game, and gave it to the L—s by a score of 9 to 0. Was the umpire justifiable in the course he pursued, and did he have to abide by his decision?"....This is one of those cases in which a nine is justified in refusing to play, the violation of the rules by the umpire being plain and palpable, as the ball stopped by the outsider was dead for the purpose of putting a player out by it until it was settled in the hands of the pitcher while in his position, but not dead for running bases or scoring runs.

C. H. B., Paterson.—There are no books that will aid you to do either. First cultivate the memory by setting it to work that must be painful to it at first—that is, to memorize much matter upon different subjects, and the ability to converse on different topics will probably follow. It may not, however, as it is possible for a man to be too versatile, and for his ideas to follow too rapidly, to be a good conversationalist. As to your memory, begin by studying three or four lines, and by repeating them some hours afterward or (what is better) the next morning. Then gradually increase the dose, and you will in a short time effect a cure, if the existing weakness is not due to organic defect.

G. H., Union Road.—"A is a base-runner on 1st base. B is a base-runner on 1st. A attempts to make 3d, but is headed off by the ball, and is held between 2d and 3d bases, and during this time B runs down to 2d, and is put out. In this instance, will the run be scored? Is 2d base a base?"....B is a base-runner on 1st. A attempts to make 3d, but is headed off by the ball, and is held between 2d and 3d bases, and during this time B runs down to 2d, and is put out. In this instance, will the run be scored? Is 2d base a base? A succeeds in making third, the ball is passed over to first, and B is touched while on that base. Was he out or not? Had B a right to 2d before A has made 3d? Was he not, had he right to 3d until A had touched 3d base and held it. C was not legally put out while standing on 1st, as he was not forced off that base.

DARIUS LOW.—Many performers claim to have turned a triple somersault over seventeen horses; but we have no authenticated record that such a feat was ever performed. The success of such a feat depends in a great measure upon how the horses are placed. If neck to neck, they will occupy far less space than if squarely placed back to back. 2. It would depend entirely upon the size of the elephant and of the other five of the set. The latter would occupy as much space as seventeen of the former placed neck and neck. 3. It is purely a matter of opinion. We have no opinion to express.

W. T. H. L., Buffalo.—The dealer having asked his opponent how he liked the trump turned up after the cards had been once run, by that question forfeited his right to insist upon it that the trump should not be turned up in advantage of his opponent after ascertaining by the latter's answer, made in good faith, that that opponent was weak in the particular trump last turned up. Under "How do you like them?" always means, after the cards have been once run, that the party who asks the question does not like the cards, and will do anything to improve them. J. C., Lees.

A. A., Buffalo.—Governor Myron H. Clark signed the act for the suppression of pauperism, crime, etc., which you refer to as the "Tweed Act," on the 20th of April, instead of July 4, 1855. That is, it was to have gone into effect, but it had necessarily to be a dead letter. It was a political movement on the part of the Carson League and the American Alliance. We have no time to look through the Albany edition or so of bills passed at Albany for vetoes or approvals of liquor laws. Almost every legislature has tinkered with rum in some way or another.

R. J., Phila.—The scores, at 1,000 yards, made by the Irish and American rifle-teams in the three matches between them were as follows: Sept. 26, 1874, at Creedmoor, at nine scoring each; possible, five, 45: Irish, 302. June 29, 1875, at Dollymount, Ireland, same conditions—American, 343; Irish, 299. Sept. 21, 1876, at Creedmoor, six men, fifteen shots, bull's-eye counting five points—Irish, 391; American, 370.

W. F. O., Chicago.—"I bet B $25 that aces were the lowest he could shake in poker dice. Who wins?".....As this question is put, you lose. Nothing lower than an ace can be shaken, but a poorer hand than a pair of aces can come up; for instance, a played opening pair of deuces, and there may be no pair at all. Doubtless the spirit of this dispute is that any other pair will beat one of aces, and that five deuces will beat five aces; but no such rule was made such in the spirit, and cannot stand in for granted where money is involved.

HENRY W. G., Brooklyn.—The English yacht Cambria defeated the American yacht America in a race from Daunt's Rock, on the Irish coast, to Sandy Hook lightship, U. S., starting July 4, and arriving July 27, 1870. While here, the Cambria beat the Idler, N. Y. Y. C. 40-mile race at Newport, R. I.—twenty miles to windward, around buoy off Block Island and return—for a fifty-guinea cup, Aug. 18, 1870. She won by nearly nine minutes.

FRED BRADISH.—If you mean the question in our issue of Sept. 30 last, we stated "It has been published that he (Sol Smith Russell) was born June 15, 1848, which may be a misprint of 1843." Sol Smith Russell writes us, under date of Oct. 2, that he "was born June 15, 1848," and adds that at the present time he is not a partner in the business of the troupe with which he travels. He receives a percentage on the net profits.

NELSON BROTHERS.—I. Billy Edwards' first opponent in the P. R. was Sara Collyer, whom he defeated. 2. The best recorded running high-jump is 6ft. 3⅝in., by M. J. Brooks, in England; standing, 4ft. 10in., also in England. 3. Wynn, Lovely, Cotton and Birdue are performing in London, Eng., music halls. 4. Jim Mace's height, in stocking feet, is 5ft. 8¾in.

J. W. R., St. Louis.—The largest ever in this city was a four-horse hydrant, which was located near the corner of Fifth-ward Hotel, West Broadway. There was also a patent contrivance, designed to screw down on the main like a capstan cap, and to supply eight or nine engines at once; but it was never experimented on, so conspicuous a failure as to cause its immediate abandonment.

OCT. 1, 1876, Grand Rapids.—1. It will be impossible to convey to you a correct idea of the salaries paid to musicians in the various branches of the business you name, because so much depends upon the merit and reputation of the individual performer. They receive from $25 to $150 per week. We understand that there are none in the market. 3. Dealers in cordage can get you up an outfit.

C. A. H., Bismark.—After having combined the pile of cards formed from Montauk Club room four hands of the deuce, three and six on the board, you could, before taking in the sixes, with the three from your hand convert your antagonist's seven into ten, and, adding to the ten-spot on the board, make the pile six. After that you could take in either pile first.

ORA, Detroit.—Call upon T. W. Davey, manager of Whitney's Opera-house, 600 Woodward avenue, state in plainly your wishes, and if he thinks you have qualifications for future success on the stage he will probably aid you in procuring an engagement with some company that may perform there. Your salary at first would be from $10 to $15 per week.

DEBRIS, Burlington.—1. Unless the referee was satisfied that the whole crew was to blame, neither crew was given a chance to win at the time, and that they were thus interfered with in order to prevent their winning, he had no right to declare such a decision. 2. A referee has no power to declare bets off.

SCHOENIGER, Camp Baker.—JAS. Renforth did not die in a boat, at all. He was seized with fatal illness while rowing in a three-cared match between a Tyne crew (of which he was captain and stroke) and the Paris crew, but was removed to the Claremont House, near St. John, N. B., where he expired.

ARTHUR VANE, Alexandria.—1. John C. Heenan was born May 2, 1834, and fought Sayres April 17, 1860. 2. Your only way to obtain a copy of a paper containing an account of the battle referred to would be to call at the publication office and look through the files. 3. Heenan was beaten by Morrissey and King. 4. No one can properly claim that distinction at present.

W. F., Saratoga.—We know nothing of the party, and we should hesitate, if the case is so serious that no one in the place named had been able to afford relief, to recommend anyone. Those to whom you have already applied, and who are familiar with the case, are best qualified to make such a recommendation.

DAN WOOD, Angola.—1. No; it is not the rule at euchre to "follow suit or trump." Who has a right to lead, must follow it; and if he has not suit, he need not trump, though he may do so. 2. The referee alone is to be the judge of that, for he alone can award the race. No runner has the right to impede a competitor.

TOM NOONAN, Buffalo.—1. In three lines space the advertisement would cost 45 cents for each insertion, but with displayed type it would cost more, according to the size of the type. We have no stars with "in" on them. 2. Col. T. Allston Brown, 9 West Fourth street, New York, publishes such a book.

W. J. W., Anchorage.—We have no correct record of the height of extraordinarily tall men. Such matters are exaggerated on show-bills and in advertisements. Mr. Porter, the Kentucky giant, who was able to be 7ft. 9in. high, was one of the tallest men in this country. We have not Mr. Bates' correct height.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—Ed. Hanlon of Toronto, Ont., was born near that city, his father, John Hanlon, having been the proprietor of Hanlon's Hotel, on the Island, where Edward first saw the light July 12, 1855. He has been rowing since 1872, and previously to going to Philadelphia had won a number of races.

SCRIP HILL.—In his walk of 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, it was Capt. Barclay's custom, it was said, to walk the latter part of one hour, and a mile in the early part of the next, thus gaining a rest of one hour and a half at a time.

READER.—In the half-mile walk (handicap) at Barnum's Hippodrome, this city, June 27, 1874, thirteen started, all but three of whom gave up before the finish, or were disqualified. Wm. H. Stafford won in 3:50, Thomas McEwen second, David T. Knox third.

READER.—It depends upon the nature of the work required to be done. There are private detectives and public ones. The former have always to be paid by the parties requiring their services, and the latter are not directly at the service of individuals.

ANXIOUS.—No answers by mail. Shortly after the production of "Les Deux Orphelines" (The Two Orphans) in Paris, France, the story of the plot was published in THE CLIPPER. This story was dramatized in this city, and was performed at Niblo's Garden for a number of nights.

D. C. S., Brooklyn.—Goldsmith Maid does not trot with a running mate. She is accompanied by a running horse at her wheel, which is not a mate in turi technology, and she had been so accompanied many times before Oct. 1 last.

AUTHOR.—Sudpe's "Die Schone Galathee" has not been translated into English for public recital, nor has it been performed in America. Apply to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., for information in regard to copyright.

PARSONAGE.—1. A solution of bismuth in rose-water is used by clowns to whiten their faces. Any druggist can prepare it. 2. Shannon, Miller & Crane, as per their advertisement in another column. 3. Pantomimes well performed might repeat.

READER, New Vienna.—1. Great Eastern is by Wallkill Chief. 2. Address Charles J. Foster, Murray street, this city, after whom he is named. 3. 2:14¼, under saddle, by Billy Boyce, is the fastest pacing time; 10 in wagon, 2:17¾, by Pocahontas.

C. E. T., Fall River.—1. You can get the book of Carleton & Co., publishers, Madison square, this city. 2. Yes; of German parentage. 3. According to the census of 1870, the population of Auburn, N. Y., was 17,225. 4. J. D. and Wally Ward are not the same person.

FIVE TIMES READER.—If one vote, provided that he would also have been entitled to a vote if he had never had a residence at the place named. In other words, it he is a citizen at the age of twenty-one.

G. W. G., Jersey City.—The statement would seem to indicate that the bet was made after Seymour had been nominated. Such being the case, it was off the moment Seymour declined to run.

GREENHORN.—The height of the mainmast and maintopmast of the Mohawk is 156 60ft. She would not be able, without striking both topmasts, to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge as it is proposed to be constructed.

JACK MAJOR, Lowell.—1. You can order as many copies as you desire through Willmer & Rogers, Beekman street, this city. 2. No pictures in the book. 3. There is no work on wrestling published in this country.

D. J. F., Water Valley.—1. The Stadt Theatre, in this city, seated 3,016 persons, but it has accommodated 4,800 persons. 2. Kadi has the fastest mile running record, 1:41¼. 3. Keenan and Morrissey fought but once

John Morrill and Ethan Allen. Time, 2:35¼, 2:33¾, 2:37, 2:34½. A purse of $500 for 2:35 horses was won by D. W. Beckler's c. g. Gifford, beating Carpenter Boy, Commodore Perry (who made a dead heat together in the first heat), Ernestine, Delight, and Belle; time, 2:37, 2:34, 2:32, 2:34. On the last day the $500 purse for 2:50 horses was won by Ben Mace's Elevator, in four heats, beating Bismarck (who took the second heat), Pickwick, Lady Balch, John Morrill, and Decoration; time, 2:33¾, 2:36¼, 2:37, 2:39¼. The $1,000 purse for 2:23 horses was won by Comee in six heats, beating Honest Harry (who won the second and third heats, and made a dead heat in the fourth with Thomas Jefferson), Annie Collins, Spotted Colt, Nettie Burlew, Major Allen, and Lady Snell; time, 2:27, 2:26½, 2:27, 2:27, 2:28, 2:30¼.

BREEDERS' CENTENNIAL TROTTING MEETING.—Owing to unfavorable weather, the fourth and last day of this meeting on Philadelphia was postponed from Saturday, Sept. 29, to Monday, Oct. 2. The attendance was not large, although an extra attraction, in the shape of an attempt by Goldsmith Maid to beat her own time-record of 2:14, was offered. The first trot was the Federal Race for six-year-olds, for a purse of $2,500, and which was won by A. J. McKinmin's bk. s. Blackwood Jr. in three straight heats, beating C. Backman's bk. m. Dame Trot and H. C. Woodnutt's br. m. Rosewood, the latter distanced in the third heat. Time, 2:27¾, 2:24¾, 2:24¾. The National Cup, value $1,000, for the stallion that in any race or separate trial showed the fastest mile during the meeting, was won by Blackwood Jr., who, in his two trials, trotted in 2:23. Beating (Governor Sprague (in three trials), 2:25¾, 2:25¾, 2:23¾, and Sam Purdy (three trials), 2:24¼, 2:26, 2:27. Goldsmith Maid, driven by Budd Doble, then essayed to beat her own time; but, as on every previous occasion, she failed, trotting in her first heat in 2:22¾, and in her second in 2:17¾. Blackwood Jr. carries off the lion's share of the winnings, $3,250. Thorndale, Governor Sprague, Sadie B-ll, and Aldine each won $1,200; Woomass, Nil Desperandum Dame Trot, and Woodford Chief, $468 each; Hale Good, Monteswil, Eastern Girl, and Robert Fulton, $400 each; and Sir Walter, Lady Mills, and Lady Patchen, $250 each. Total amount trotted for, $13,000.

TROTTING AT MYSTIC PARK, BOSTON.—On Monday, Oct. 2, over 4,000 persons assembled at Mystic Park, Boston, to witness the two fast trotters Smuggler and Judge Fullerton contend for a purse of $1,500, given by the proprietor of the course, in a race of mile heats, three in five, in harness. The course was not in good order for a long-striding, heavy-framed horse like Smuggler, as it "cupped" badly, while he himself was slightly lame forward. Notwithstanding this, long odds were laid upon his winning. He won the first heat by a good length in 2:20, and the second very easily in 2:21¾. In the third heat Smuggler made a bad break, and Judge Fullerton won easily enough in 2:25½; but the fourth heat decided the race, Smuggler winning both very easily in 2:21¾. A double-team race for a purse of $1,000 followed, and was won by J. Trout's team (Frank Reeves and Little Gipsy) by default, the driving of Ing J. C. Ware's team (Bill Ed. and Lady Nichols) in 2:50¼, 2:51¾, 2:46. The third race was for a purse of $750, between Bella, Comee, May Bird and Annie Allen, horses of the 2:22 class. Bella won the first heat in 2:29¾, May Bird the third in 2:26¼ (Comee and Bella coming into collision in this heat, upsetting their drivers, but, in consequence of its being an unavoidable accident, the judges permitted them to start again), and Comee the second, fourth and fifth heats and race in 2:23¾, 2:26, 2:25.

DEATH OF MAJOR THACOR.—We regret to record the death of Major Thomas G. Thacor, the well-known South Carolina turfman and trainer. For nearly half a century he has been associated with the running turf, and his face was familiar to every racecourse from New Orleans to New York. He was a generous, high-toned gentleman, an enthusiastic lover of the racehorse and gamecock, his mains with the latter (of which he possessed a rare and valuable strain), fought against Louisiana, Georgia and Alabama, being the great events of the Metairie race week in New Orleans. He owned and trained such good horses as Bill Cheatham, Gen Breese, Nannie Douglas, Corsican, Frank Hampton, Rogers, Lynchburg, Dick Cheatham and Spray. He was a man of unblemished character and sterling worth, and thousands will learn of his death with unfeigned regret.

THE THIRD FALL MEETING of the Fountain Park Racing Association was held at Piqua, O., commencing Oct. 3. The mile track was in fine order, but, owing to the lateness of the season, several classes did not fill. The three-minute trot Oct. 3, was won by Wm. Langley's b. s. Billy L., beating Hannah (who took the second heat), Gen. O'Brien, Henry Todd and Piqua Belle. Time, 2:37¼, 2:38½, 2:40¼, 2:40¾. The running race, mile heats, was won by Waller; time, 1:54, 1:48. On Thursday the 2:50 trot was won by Billy L. Hannah was given the first heat, Billy being set back for running. Henry Todd took third money, Dock fourth. The running race, two-mile heats, was won by Cheap Johnny; time, 3:57¼, 4:05¾. Modoc second, May Bell third.

SMUGGLER'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Mr. George Hammill of Rome, N. Y., the owner of the fast trotting horse Great Eastern, has accepted Gus Smith's challenge to trot Smuggler against any horse in the world. He will trot him three races, for either purse or gate money, over such tracks as may be agreed upon, within thirty days, mile heats, three in five, good day and track, and to be governed by the rules of the National Association. Great Eastern has a record of 2:19.

RULED OFF.—Raleigh Colston, a well-known colored trainer of racehorses, formerly in the employ of Mr. D. Swigert, was ruled off at the Louisville meeting for using insolent and insulting language to the officers of the course concerning the start in the two-year-old race.

BILLIARDS.

SCRATCHES.

Ralph Benjamin, who has been spending the Summer at his family residence, Portchester, N. Y., came to town on the 6th, and called upon THE CLIPPER. He is ready for the Fall and Winter campaign, and parties in need of a superintendent or pocketkeeper may address him at Portchester.....Melvin Foster and Mons. Palat were to have had a trial of skill at the three-ball game, 200 points up, in this city, on the night of Oct. 9. Melvin is now singling out for opponents the oldest men he can find to play with, and has got through with the fellows May 15 to 27 last, at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia.....Adrian Izar has so far mastered his rheumatic affection as to be able to walk out comfortably.....New tables were last week put into the Tivoli, St. Mark's place, this city.....At John O'Connor's Union-square Rooms, this city, on Oct. 3, William Sexton defeated George Slosson in an exhibition.....More than a year ago, Garnier retired from the arena, declaring that he would play no more public games. This resolution he modified, after the need for it had passed by, by restricting his retirement to match games only, leaving himself free to participate in tournaments. Under that resolution he has once forfeited the emblem he now holds, and which he has never won by play, and yet, in defiance of that resolution, he has received the emblem back again by the same process of forfeiture. In other words, he has entered into a match, as challenger, when it suited him to do so, and has declined challenges to matches when it did not suit him to play them. Rather than play Sexton or Slosson, he will now play Joseph Dion. The challenge of the latter was not issued until it was learned that Sexton and Slosson were marching into town. It shuts them both out; and in consenting to play Dion, who has never won a 600-point three-ball game, who has not won a match of any kind in about six years, and who is an opponent not at all to be feared in long games, Garnier is spared the necessity of refusing to play Slosson, as well as Sexton once again. Could either of these younger players have, by some hocus-pocus, squeezed in a challenge, Garnier would probably have braced himself back upon his announced retirement of upwards of a year ago, for he would be no rewolver, lightly as he may hold Slosson, that Sexton has never yet failed to beat him in a long game.....William Knight, formerly at the Astor-house Room, is now at 162 Broadway.....James Phelan, formerly at the Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Canada, has become lessee of the billiard-room at the Queen's Restaurant, in that city, having opened it on Oct. 2.....Joseph O'Connor has returned to Guelph, Canada.....John Wild, Pat Rooney, Harry Richmond, N. Walden, F. Hart, and James Bradley the jig-dancer have been engaged to take part in a four-ball tournament at Garnier's room. The prize contended for is a gold-mounted cue, presented by Garnier.....Therp is a billiard-table well employed at the fair in St. Stephens' Church, Twenty-eighth street.....Madame Sucker, of Lodz, has arrived from France in time to celebrate the second anniversary of the advent of the junior—Nov. 10, on which night, in 1874, Albert lost an important game at Tammany Hall.....Jimmy," for a long time at Garnier's, has secured a location on Thirty-fourth street, and will shortly open a room on his own account.....George F. Phelan has received from South America a cash order for $2,200 worth of billiard tables.....London, Eng., as represented in a leading newspaper, is apprehensive that the heavy, cumbrous, English billiard ball is superseded by the light, airy, graceful *spirituelle* one of American manufacture. The lightest tables on earth are made in America.....Although at the East the composition billiard balls of the Hyatt Manufacturing Co. have been an institution for something like nine years past, still their occasional snap and sparkle seem to have but recently become familiar to the players of Oregon. If we are to credit *The Portland Oregonian*, the incandescent billiard ball whose freak amazed the quiet smoker must have been overcharged with collodion: "Last Saturday evening a rather remarkable thing occurred at the beer saloon of John Brendle. During the evening several gentlemen were playing billiards. One of the gentlemen was smoking a pipe, and, having occasion to push the tobacco down in the bowl, picked up a billiard ball and pressed the lighted end against the ignited 'weed.' Scarcely had the supposed ivory come in contact with the fire than, to the utter astonishment of the gentleman, it took fire and blazed up. He threw the ball on the floor, and it rolled about the room for some moments before the fire was extinguished."....The veteran Matthew Dennis reports that billiards, unusually quiet in the vicinity of Loton & Murphy's the past Summer, has picked up appreciably within the last two weeks.....The recent arrest of Rudolphe recalls to mind what was probably the first arrest, in a billiard-room or out of it, under the existing Gambling Act. At the room which once stood at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on the night of July 28, 1848, a young man who had his pocket thirty dollars of his employer's money thought that with it he would win a stake for himself. He was known to the proprietor of the room and, had the proprietor of the room been present (he was at the Astor House, this city, enjoying his honeymoon), the aspiring pinpool artist would not have been allowed to play in the house. He played and lost, lawyers, judges, and merchants winning his money. He told a pathetic tale to the superintendent, who did not credit him, and refused to give him thirty dollars and to accept his I O U therefor. The loser thereupon had him arrested, and he was brought before Judge Parsons, who severely rebuked him, and sentenced him—to what? Only to serve five years in jail, and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars! He served about nine months of this time under what was known as the silent system of punishment, and then was pardoned by Gov. Porter while the latter, who in health had declined to pardon him, was on his death-bed. The superintendent had gone to jail with dark hair, and it was white when he came out. The incident cost the proprietor of the room one hundred dollars in order to get back to Philadelphia, and many a dollar afterwards. Pinpool has not since flourished in Philadelphia.....William Sexton, never robust since the fall he received many years ago in Boston, is suffering from a severe catarrhal affection. On Thursday, Oct. 5, he gave an exhibition at the hall of St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, in aid of the poor of that parish.....Philadelphia items run thus: Burleigh and Beasinger played their 600-point game, "for $200 a side," on the night of Oct. 3, as promised. The result was Burleigh's success by just 11.....Copp has retired from the room on Broad street, above Eighth. The actual owners are Messrs. Estephe & Taylor.....Jimmy Palmer, whose billiards the past fourteen years has been as good as the bread of his baking formerly was, has rejuvenated his room with new cloths, balls, cues, etc.....Ed. Plunkett has been doing so well with his solitary ball pool table that he now sighs for another.....A Philadelphia roomkeeper who has attempted to utilize Sunday has been notified that, unless he puts up his shutters on that day hereafter, the Chief-of-police will put them up for all the week.....P. Levy, the well-known Philadelphia player, is at present disengaged.....Dan'l K. Reamy of Hollidaysburg is doing the Centennial.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Oct. 10, Orange vs. Enterprise, at Orange, N. J.
Oct. 10, Cricket vs. Boston (prof.), at Binghamton, N. Y.
Oct. 10, Mutual (prof.) vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 10, New York Nine vs. Wilsets, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 11, Whioks vs. Putnam, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 11, New York Nine vs. Mutual, at Jersey City.
Oct. 11, Star vs. Bostics (prof.), at Syracuse, N. Y.
Oct. 11, Mutual (prof.) vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 12, Chelsea vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 12, Orange vs. Enterprise, at Orange, N. J.
Oct. 13, Enterprise vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 13, New York Nine vs. Olympic of Paterson, at Jersey City.
Oct. 14, New York Nine vs. Orange of Orange, at Jersey City.

THE LEAGUE-PENNANT ARENA.

The struggle for second place is now the only issue left to be settled in the League-club series of contests. It is true that Chicago and St. Louis are playing a new series, to give the former a chance to close the season with a little more eclat than would have been done had St. Louis been left to crow over victory in a majority of the games the two clubs have played together. But, should Chicago win, St. Louis will have something to fall back on in the fact that these extra series are merely gate-money exhibition games, and of no account as true tests of relative skill. Chicago opened the new series by whipping St. Louis on her own home field by 2 to 0. The contest for second place looks as if Hartford would carry off the honors. The play shown by the Hartford nine this past month affords a practical illustration of the importance of inducing a nine to run well in harness together, or, in other words, to play in full harmony. The Hartfords have unquestionably had the playing strength to have come far nearer to the goal than they have done, but they have weakened their strength by their lack of the power to work together in unison. Early in the season there were the Cummings clique and the Bond clique, and the latter got the upper hand, and when Cummings pitched his support was inferior to that which Bond obtained. Then, as Bond got the mastery, and took the lead as the pitcher, he got himself into difficulty and failed to obtain the support he had previously secured; hence the untoward defeats which lost Hartford the second place. When Bond finally caused himself to be removed, and the club-team was resolved into a working nine for the first time, Hartford stock began to rise. It was then seen that it was not so much the superiority of one pitcher over the other that led to victory, as it was that one had a more united field support than the other. Since the Hartfords resolved to go in and give Cummings their best support, they have walked up hill as rapidly as they had previously gone down. Certainly, the experience of this campaign ought to be valuable to Mr. Bulkeley in deciding him what constitutes the true element of success—that it is not the mere possession of this or that great player in any special position that insures success, but the getting-together of a team that will work as a whole. Hitherto the Hartfords have had good material by having two pitchers in a nine which could not properly support but one. They now see their error, too late to win the pennant, but, perhaps, early enough to secure second place.

The full record of the pennant contests up to October 9, counting all the games, is as follows:

	Athletic.	Boston.	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Hartford.	Louisville.	Mutual.	St. Louis.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games to Play.
Athletic		1	1	5	1	2	4	0	14	1	6)
Boston	9		1	10	2	5	8	4	39	0	68
Chicago	7	9		10	6	9	7	4	52	0	66
Cincinnati	3	0	0		1	2	1	0	7	0	63
Hartford	9	6	4	7		9	3	4	42	1	64
Louisville	6	5	1	8	1		5	4	30	3	69
Mutual	3	2	3	9	3	5		1	21	1	56
St. Louis	8	6	5	7	6	6	6		45	0	64
Games lost	45	29	14	54	21	36	34	19	252	6	510

A summary of the above, showing the relative position of the contesting nines now in the arena leaving out the Athletic and Mutual games, would be as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Games to Play.
Chicago	38	12	0
St. Louis	31	18	1
Hartford	30	16	4
Boston	22	26	2
Louisville	19	31	0
Cincinnati	5	42	3
	145	145	10

HARTFORD vs. LOUISVILLE.

By the scores of two games between the above League clubs, contested at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 4, 5, respectively, both being won by the Hartfords, it will be noticed that Snyder, the regular catcher of the home team, did not play in either game, while Devlin, their pitcher, was injured early in the first game, and did not take part in the second.

Hartford.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Louisville.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Remsen, c. f.	1	1	2	0	0	Gerhardt, 1st b.	0	0	10	0	0
Burdock, 2d b.	2	1	7	3	0	Hague, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	0
Higham, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0	Ryan, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Ferguson, 3d b.	1	1	2	0	1	Devlin, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Cary, s. s.	2	1	1	0	1	Clinton, r. f.	0	4	3	1	0
Cummings, p.	1	0	1	0	0	Cummings, p.	0	2	1	2	0
Sweazy, 2 b.	0	1	1	5	2	York, l. f.	0	2	2	1	0
Mills, 1st b.	0	2	8	0	1	Su'mervile, 2b.	0	0	2	2	1
Allison, c.	0	1	4	3	2	Hudnett, c.	0	0	1	0	1
						Pearce, p.	0	0	0	0	1
Totals.	6	9	27	11	5	Totals.	0	6	27	13	3

	Hartford.	Louisville.
Hartford	2	0
Louisville	0	0

First base by errors—Louisville, 3; Hartford, 2. Balls called—on Devlin, 19; on Pearce, 12; on Cummings, 8. Strikes called—off Devlin, 17; off Pearce, 17; off Cummings, 25. Bases on called balls—Louisville, 1; Hartford, 2. Hard hit—Loisville, 1st, Hague; 2d, Devlin; Hartford, Carey, 1. Three-base hit—Burdock, 1. Left on bases—Louisville, 7; Hartford, 5. Passed balls—Hoibert, 1; Allison, 1. Umpire, Dan Devinney of the Riverside Club. Time, 2h.

Hartford.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Louisville.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Remsen, c. f.	2	2	1	0	0	Gerhardt, 1st b.	1	1	9	0	0
Burdock, 3d b.	1	2	4	1	0	Hague, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	2
Higham, r. f.	2	3	0	0	0	Ryan, l. f.	0	3	1	0	0
Ferguson, 2d b.	1	2	3	3	1	Allison, c.	0	2	5	1	0
Cary, s. s.	1	0	2	5	0	Clinton, p.	0	2	0	3	2
Cummings, p.	1	0	0	1	0	Fulmer, s. s.	0	0	3	2	3
Sweazy, 2 b.	1	1	1	3	0	Hastings, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Cassidy, 1st b.	2	1	11	0	1	Su'mervile, 2 b.	0	0	3	2	2
Allison, c.	0	1	4	0	0	Holbert, c.	1	1	4	1	2
Totals.	11	13	27	10	3	Totals.	3	7	27	12	15

	Hartford.	Louisville.
Hartford	2	4
Louisville	0	0

First base by errors—Louisville, 1; Hartford, 4. Balls called—on Clinton, 11; Cummings, 7. Strikes called—off Clinton, 20; Cummings, 13. Struck out—Cummings, 1. Two-base hits—Higham, 2. Left on bases—Louisville, 4; Hartford, 10. Passed balls—Holbert, 2. Double plays—Burdock and Cassidy. Umpire—Dan Devinney of the Riverside Club. Time, 1h. 55m.

THE MEMPHIS REDS.

The Red Stockings of Memphis, Tenn., added two more brilliant victories to their already long list last week, their opponents being the Memphis Blues and the Cincinnati Jr., and the dates of the games Oct. 1 and 3, respectively. Scores follow:

Reds.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Blues.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Br'kshaw, 3b	5	1	1	1	3	1	Ellick, c.	4	0	0	4	2	4
Shoupe, 2b	4	0	0	1	2	0	Collins, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Godfrey, l. f.	4	0	1	3	5	0	Meath, c. f.	4	0	1	3	0	1
Burkalow, p.	4	0	0	0	0	1	Luff, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	2	1
Maher, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	Jackson, s. s.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Wallace, c.	4	1	1	9	0	0	Boro, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	3	2
Raja, s. s.	4	0	0	1	4	0	Culbert, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Kenneday, c. f.	4	0	1	3	1	1	Levy, 1st b.	3	0	1	8	0	2
Moore, l. f.	4	0	1	5	0	0	Leech, p.	3	0	0	1	5	2
Totals.	38	3	8	27	9	3	Totals.	34	0	5	27	7	14

	Reds.	Blues.
Reds	0	1
Blues	0	0

Called balls—on Burkalow, 15; on Leech, 12. Strikes—off Burkalow, 33; off Leech, 20. Total bases—Reds, 9; Blues, 5. First base by errors—Reds, 5; Blues, 5. Left on bases—Reds, 8; Blues, 7. Fly-catches—Reds, 8; Blues, 13. Umpire, James Mack. Time, 1h. 50m.

Memphis.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Cincinnati.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Br'kshaw, 3b	5	1	1	1	5	0	Smith, 3d b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Shoupe, 2d b	5	2	1	2	1	0	Godfrey, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Baker, c.	5	1	2	15	0	1	Somerville, c.	3	0	1	9	0	1
Burka ow, p.	5	1	1	0	2	0	Drain, 1st b.	4	0	1	9	0	1
Maher, r. f.	5	0	2	1	0	0	Voss, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	2	1
Loftus, c. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0	Conley, s. s.	3	0	1	1	2	0
Raja, s. s.	4	1	0	1	1	1	Wheeler, r. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Kenneday, c.	4	0	0	4	1	1	Millsh, c. f.	3	0	0	4	1	0
Moore, l. f.	4	0	2	0	0	0	Shumard, p.	3	0	1	0	4	0
Totals.	42	7	11	27	15	3	Totals.	30	0	3	27	10	3

	Memphis.	Cincinnati.
Memphis	0	2
Cincinnati	0	0

Called balls—on Burkalow, 10; on Shumard, 12. Strikes—off Burkalow, 37; off Shumard, 16. Base-hits—Memphis, 11; Cincinnati, 3. First base by errors—Memphis, 5; Cincinnati, 1. Fly-catches—Memphis, 7; Cincinnati, 8. Total errors—Memphis, 3; Cincinnati, 6. Left on bases—Memphis, 8; Cincinnati, 3. Double-play—Cincinnati, 1. Earned runs—Memphis, 3. Umpire, Mr. Pierce Grace. Time, 1h. 37m.

HARTFORD vs. CINCINNATI.

Having taken the starch out of the Louisville Club, the Hartfords went to Porkopolis, where on the 6th and 7th insts. they whipped the Cincinnatis by the scores which are appended. This result was no more than had been expected, and therefore no one was disappointed:

Cincinnati.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Hartford.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Booth, c.	4	1	1	5	1	3	Remsen, r. f.	5	2	2	0	0	0
Jones, c. f.	4	2	1	2	0	0	Burdock, 2 b.	5	1	0	2	3	0
Gould, 1st b.	4	1	0	7	0	1	Higham, s. s.	4	1	1	1	2	1
Kessler, s. s.	4	2	0	0	2	1	Ferguson, 3b	4	2	2	2	1	3
Foley, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	2	2	Cassidy, 1st b	4	1	0	9	1	0
Clack, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Cummings, p	5	2	1	0	7	0
Sweazy, 2 b.	4	1	1	5	2	0	Mills, 1st b.	4	0	1	11	0	0
Dean, p.	4	0	1	1	1	4	Allison, c.	4	0	0	4	1	0
Hatz, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	5	1	Shumard, p.	3	0	0	0	4	0
Taylor, 1st b.	4	0	0	7	1	0	Lennar, l. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Lowery, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Wiley, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	40	8	4	27	6	12	Totals.	44	7	9	27	19	4

	Cincinnati.	Hartford.
Cincinnati	0	0
Hartford	1	0

Earned runs—Cincinnati, 2. First-base on errors of opponents—Hartford, 3; Cincinnati, 4. Balls called—on Dean, 18; on Cummings, 12; on Gould, 1. Strikes called—off Dean, 7; off Cummings, 13; off Gould, 1. Base on called balls—Cassidy, 1. Two-base hits—Jones, 1; Booth, 1; Burdock, 1; Higham, 1; Cummings, 1; York, 1. Double-plays—Sweazy and Gould, 1; Sweazy and Snyder, 1. Umpire, William Walker. Time, 2h. 10m.

Hartford.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Cincinnati.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Remsen, c. f.	2	1	3	0	0	Booth, 3d b.	0	0	4	3	1
Burdock, 2d b.	2	2	4	3	2	Jones, c. f.	1	2	3	0	0
Higham, r. f.	2	1	1	0	0	Gould, 1st b.	0	2	11	0	1
Ferguson, r. f.	0	3	5	0	1	Kessler, s. s.	1	1	1	4	0
Carey, s. s.	1	2	1	1	1	Foley, c.	1	0	3	3	2
Cummings, p.	0	0	0	4	0	Clack, r. f.	0	1	1	0	2
York, l. f.	2	1	1	0	0	Sweazy, 2d b.	1	1	1	3	0
Mills, 1st b.	1	1	7	0	0	Dean, p.	1	0	1	0	0
Allison, c.	0	1	3	3	2	Snyder, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	11	13	27	10	6	Totals.	6	8	27	12	10

	Hartford.	Cincinnati.
Hartford	0	1
Cincinnati	0	0

MUTUAL vs. BEVERLY.

The Mutuals of Philadelphia visited Beverly, N. J., Sept. 28, and there defeated the home club by the following score:

Mutual.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Beverly.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Thomas, 2d b.	5	1	0	0	0	0	Fennimore, 1 b.	5	1	1	13	0	0
Wiley, l. f.	5	1	1	1	0	1	Cain, p.	4	0	2	1	6	0
Hall, c.	5	0	0	3	1	0	B. Hoey, s. s.	5	0	2	2	1	0
Peak, p.	4	2	0	2	0	0	Horton, c.	5	1	2	5	1	1
Jones, c.	4	2	1	9	2	0	Filton, 2d b.	5	0	1	3	3	2
Cramer, c. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0	Oliver, 3d b.	5	0	0	1	3	0
Hatz, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	5	1	Longstreet, r. f.	5	1	1	3	0	0
Taylor, 1st b.	4	0	0	7	1	0	Lesser, l. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Lowery, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Wiley, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	44	8	3	24	9	2	Totals.	47	5	11	33	14	3

	Mutual.	Beverly.
Mutual	0	1
Beverly	1	0

Umpire, Harry Austin of Beverly. Time, 2h. 10m.

ORANGE vs. ENTERPRISE.

At Orange, N. J., on Oct. 3, the Enterprise of this city were defeated by the Orange, in the presence of several hundred spectators, by a score of 8 to 4. The Orangemen scored their runs in the first three innings through loose fielding; but afterwards the Enterprise fielding was excellent, the Orange finding it difficult to reach second base. The playing of Nolan at first and Clark at second for the Enterprise was excellent, while McCracken and McDermott led at the bat. For the Orange, Connolly's play at first and Ricker's at third were noteworthy, and Lewis played well at centre field, while Wardell and Freeman led at the bat. A beautiful double-play was made in the fourth inning by Brestnon, Clark and Nolan of the Enterprise.

Enterprise.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Orange.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Clark, 2d b.	1	1	5	5	1	Ricker, 3d b.	1	2	2	3	1
Duffy, p.	1	2	0	1	0	Chandler, c.	0	0	5	0	0
McCracken, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Wardell, s. s.	0	2	3	2	0
Meehan, c.	0	1	4	2	3	Manny, p.	0	0	0	8	0
Donohue, 3d b.	0	0	2	0	1	Freeman, r. f.	1	2	0	0	1
Brestnon, s. s.	0	0	2	3	0	De Mott, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	0
Quinn, c. f.	0	1	1	0	1	Connelly, 1st b.	1	1	16	0	0
McDermott, r. f.	1	2	0	0	0	Sullivan, l. f.	2	1	0	0	1
Nolan, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0	Lewis, c. f.	1	1	3	0	1
Totals.	4	9	27	12	10	Totals.	8	9	27	14	9

	Enterprise	Orange
Enterprise	0	0
Orange	3	4

Umpire, J. Rice of Alaska B. B. C. Time, 1h. 40m.

ITHACA vs. FALL RIVER.

The club which battles for the honor of Fall River, Mass., paid a visit to the Ithaca (N. Y.) Club Oct. 6, and were by them polished off as under:

Ithaca.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Fall River.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McGaffery, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Crane, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	1
Richmond, c.	0	0	5	7	3	Canary, l. f.	1	2	1	1	1
Carpenter, 2b.	1	1	7	3	1	Whitney, 3d b.	0	1	0	3	0
Bay, c. s.	0	0	1	2	0	Mattris, A. s.	0	0	2	1	0
Pig't, 1 and 3b.	0	0	3	2	6	Daly, r. f.	0	1	1	0	1
Spencer, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Butler, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Alcott, p.	0	0	0	0	0	Nichols, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Burnt, 1 and 3b.	0	0	7	3	0	Mack, c.	0	2	3	1	2

SADNESS.

An Autumn Picture.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A crust on the candle-wick,
The clock is slow;
The air without is chill and thick,
My fire burns low.
The window-blinds, with lids half-closed,
Look weary too;
The moon, by misty rings inclosed,
Gleams faintly through.
Torn, musty books upon the shelf
Invite my gaze:
Their richest contents brought no pelf
In better days.
An armor, worn in years gone by,
Hangs on the wall;
'Twill no more leap at battle's cry
Nor trumpet's call.
My child is sleeping on the couch—
She's wan and pale;
Her sunken eyes to me do vouch
A mournful tale.
Her kitten wanders through the room
As though to say:
"There's naught here now but pain and gloom,
I cannot play."
A withered rose droops in the glass
Near broken toys;
And now across my vision pass
Two once bright boys.
Their mother's portrait oft I wore—
Dear, faithful wife,
Thank God your eyes will see no more
A scene of strife.
The cricket chirps a lonesome song—
Its notes are shrill.
The hours I watch seem over-long,
And all is ill.

Awake, my heart! Joy yet may come,
Since life is brief.
Beyond this world, at least to some,
There is no grief.

VICTOR FARRTON.

WRONGED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

CHAPTER IV.

The following afternoon the rain descended in torrents, and the chamber was filled with a grayish light when the friends sat in sight of the rustic seat that endured the pelting rain as complacently as it did the sunshine. Edith waited to hear more from Mabel's lips of what was indeed "stranger than fiction."

"Dear Edith," said Mabel, "I almost regret that I began the task of telling you this sad story. My heart shrinks from recalling the horrors of that Winter.

"After my husband's escape my treatment at my mother's was less kind and thoughtful. My stepfather, so gradually restricted my movements that I did not realize the fact at first. My anxiety about my husband was augmented by the knowledge that a living pledge of our love would, before long, be given to us. It seems to be the natural impulse of a woman's heart to cling closer and more fondly to her husband under the holy influence of a dawning life; and, if there is one time more than another when she needs his loving care, and the soothing influence of his magnetic presence, it is then. We knew nothing of this promise when he was taken away from us. My ignorance was used as an instrument to further wicked designs. I was impressed with the idea that I was a prisoner, and, side, but must keep quiet. I could not see the deep treachery in it all, although the letter written at the time of my husband's flight indicated shrewd and unrelenting enemies. Months went by in which I wrote letter after letter, and sent them to different Southern cities—Mrs. Hammond had given me to understand that he was in the South. I was not permitted to see anyone alone, and my dear kind friend Mrs. Hammond, as I afterwards learned, was generally denied the chance of seeing me on the plea that I did not want to see company; but, after receiving a letter from my husband, she forced her way up to my room, although she had no opportunity to converse with me, for I was too closely guarded. Conversations were frequently held in my presence with ominous shakings of the head to impress upon my mind that I was considered insane, until vague queries began to intrude themselves upon me: 'Am I really sane?' Have I sorrow enough to make me wild?' Night after night, lying sleepless, I could hear my husband calling me. I knew that he was living. My heart went out to him as it would not have done had he been dead. Every day I asked mother for a letter; and every day I received the same disappointing answer. Finally, overcome and exasperated, I accused my stepfather of treachery. I was vehement, I know, in word and action, and so sealed my fate; for I was immediately locked up, a close prisoner. People were informed positively that I had become 'a raving, uncontrollable maniac.' In vain I implored release, in vain tried to send letters—they never reached the post-office. I was denied the sight of any face but that of the old hag who attended me. I implored my keepers to send for my mother-in-law, but was informed that she had died of grief and shame. Mrs. Hammond too was dead, and my goods had been sold. I wept afresh at these cruel, false treasures given up by my husband's beloved hands. Alas for my precious new mother—all gone, when I had so longed to see them again. Alice Thorn's poor blind mother had died also; and as my jailers stood near my door I couched close, and, listening, heard them say that, 'dying, she declared that she knew Doctor Hildreth had been bribed by Mr. Bangs to work against the murderous treatment Alice had received, and had entreated that the doctor's wife be brought to her, that she might tell her with her own lips, 'Your husband is not guilty.'"

"Spring trailed her wet garments over the earth. At last came the June sunshine, and into my window flooded the odorous breath of birds and flowers, but brought no gladness to me. Standing by the open window the thought flashed through my mind, 'Why not escape?' Every afternoon my keeper went out for a walk, and was absent frequently for an hour. With the impulse, the vigor, lost by long confinement, there came to me a plan. I drew a bureau to the window, tied a sheet to the foot, and tied another one to that, and swung myself out, dropping to the soft earth, a distance of about six feet, without waiting to see whether I was hurt or not. I rushed with mad haste through the twilight to the post-office, and, falling upon my knees, prayed the astonished postmaster in God's name to give me a letter. He hesitated, when his wife spoke: 'Give it to her, John—give it to her. She is no more crazy than I am.' She assisted me into her sitting-room, kissing and petting me with tears and kind words commingled. I read the letter—every word, as I read it, burning into my heart:

"O my wife, my darling!" he wrote, "why are you so weak as to distrust my constancy to come. Why did you refuse to see my messenger? O darling! I am consumed with anxiety when I think of what your condition may be, though I have been told that your boys were in store for us, and had planned so many pleasures for you. I tremble when I think how little instruction you have had in regard to such matters, and the effect that our cruel separation must have upon you. O my dear wife! I cannot believe that you have voluntarily abandoned me in my sad hour. Come to me, darling; I am sick, or I would brave the law and go to your succor at all risks. I need you, sweet one; and if there is any foundation for the hope in my heart that Sabbath morning, when last I saw you, you also need me. Come, darling, to your faithful, loving HUSBAND.

"I threw my arms around the old woman's good neck and said: 'I must go. Help me to escape now.' While I was speaking, Squire Wilson's angry voice reached our ears. My flight had been discovered, and they sought for me first at the post-office. He hurled frightful imprecations at the man who had dared to disobey him. 'There should never have been forwarded, and that his letters had been kept from me. I had addressed more than one of my frantic appeals to the city where he had taken refuge, and where for long months he had been ill, while those about me were trying to teach me that he was false, as well as a murderer. I was ordered back to my room in an almost lifeless condition, and that night my baby was born. I knew that it gave no cry when my anguish was past; but I was sure that I afterwards heard a low wail from an adjoining room, and I called eagerly for 'My baby.' The nurse answered: 'The baby is dead—killed by your own rash act, and is unsightly.' Oh, how I mourned, for I had dreamed so often of the sweet little face that would resemble my husband's, and had anticipated the pleasure in store for me. My grief was so intense that the tide of life ebbed far out, and I almost lost sight of the shores of time. O God! If those days have gone by, how much suffering and crime would have been prevented."

Mabel was so overcome with emotion that Edith insisted she should say no more that day.

"Mabel, this is trying you too much. To-morrow, if pleasant, we will go out to the beechwoods, and you can go on with the recital; but I shall claim the privilege of checking you when you become excited by painful emotion."

CHAPTER V.

A charming day it proved indeed and, walking the two miles of shady road, they entered the beechwoods, a favorite resort during the Summer months for quietly-disposed admirers of nature. Seated on a grassy knoll, her head in Edith's lap, and Edith's soft hand toying with her cheek and hair, Mabel reopened her story.

"I had no company, no reading, and consequently was a prey to harrowing thoughts. My physician was a narrow-minded, mercenary wretch, and had been bribed. My mind did fail, and for a time I lost sight of my misery. When I began again to realize my sorrow, a decree of divorce had been obtained and was laid before me, with a notice of the death of my husband (occurring at a later date), in the city of New Orleans. I accepted the inevitable, and became quiet and taciturn, for hope was dead. But gradually my health improved, and I felt again some interest in society. William's father was a neighbor, and William had shown a preference for me in my childhood, but I never had liked him. He was a rude, heartless boy, twelve years my senior, and, at the time of my marriage to the doctor, a rough sailor, with no regard for the pleasures of anyone but himself. He had improved somewhat in manner, was a large, finely built, robust man, of good reputation, and master as well as owner of a fine brig in the lake transportation trade. He called frequently at Squire Wilson's, and I was glad to have some change in the monotony of my life. The vague fear that insanity inspires prevented my former companions from visiting me even after I had fully recovered. My form had attained its full size, and I know that I was a superb beautiful woman. My mother had become melancholy, and would sit for hours and watch me with a strange look in her eyes that haunts me yet. My stepfather renewed his persecutions once more, and I cannot express to you how I loathed him; but no avenue of escape seemed open to me. The property left by my husband, and which had been illegally transferred to me, was in Squire Wilson's hands, as he had been appointed my guardian during my insanity and subsequently to my divorce. Although well-dressed, I had no money at my command, and no means of earning any. Large as I was, I was not gifted with physical endurance. Every day I was subjected to some indication of a lawless passion. I dared not tell my mother, and felt I had no friend in the wide world. At night I kept some of the younger children in my room for a sort of protection, although I had no affection for them, and would have greatly preferred being alone. During the day I evaded the wretch by remaining near my mother. But once she had gone for her long, melancholy walk to the cemetery, without telling me of her intention, or I should have accompanied her. He came into my room stealthily, caught me in his arms, kissing me. I struck him blows that seem incredible now from their fierceness. He retreated to the door, where he halted, telling me that I was disgraced—my husband's desertion, the murder with which he had been charged, my own insanity, all told against me. Oh, how I hated him, how his words maddened me, and I poured out my indignation in language that seemed to be inspired. I accused him of treachery, still clinging to the belief that my husband was true to me. The fact that the divorce was granted without my knowledge proved it to be in some way fraudulent, although I did not then know that there was such a disgraceful practice as divorcing people by a high-handed system of fraud, which enriched unprincipled lawyers, breaking up many a home, and crushing many a woman's heart. He left me, and I walked down to the brook in the meadow, where I had so often played, and where I had passed many sweet, glad hours with my husband. I bathed my face with the cool water and quieted my throbbing temples by dipping my forehead in a pool at the foot of a gigantic elm. How long I remained there I do not know, but William Carswell found me there; and, after a long talk about his prospects and the success of his last voyage, offered me his hand and name, but was honest enough not to say heart also. I despised the Widow Carswell. Her husband had been a fair-dealing, honorable old man, but after his death she showed herself a hard-hearted, miserly wretch. William was the only child, and my home would necessarily be with her. But it was an open door looking out from my prison, and I accepted the way of escape, looking neither into the future nor back at the past, thinking only of the horrible present. A week from that day I was again a wife, and again forbidden entrance into my mother's house. However, that was no great hardship. No affectionate interests centered there, save the memory that the feeble woman who sat speechless there had been the wife of my beloved father, and was my mother.

"I had known but little of society gayeties, although I had been taught to dance, and was pleased at the thought of pleasures in store. The night of our marriage we attended a ball given at the principal hotel of our village. While we were forming for the first dance a noise and exclamation of surprise at the door attracted my attention. The music commenced just as I turned at the sound of a well-known voice exclaiming:

"It is not true. Let me see her!"

At the door stood the tall form of my husband, pale, thin, and grown gray. With a wild scream and extending my hands towards him, I fell senseless to the floor. When I opened my eyes it was morning, and the physician who held my hand cautioned me to be quiet, as I asked 'Where is my husband?' In vain they tried to convince me that I was the victim of a strange hallucination. I could obtain no information from anyone, and at last consented to accompany William on his voyage. His cook was a young and handsome Irish woman, not very civil, and I was rather taken by surprise to find her mistress of the ship, as well as cook. With the inborn feeling of every true Southerner, I could not make her my companion, neither did I care to converse with her, but treated her civilly in the capacity of a servant. Her insolence towards me became so intolerable that I remonstrated with my husband, who merely laughed at me. I then spoke pleasantly to her about it, when she coolly informed me that her claim on the captain was older than mine, and, if I was his lawful wife, she held his affections. I called the captain, and asked if her statements were true. He replied sneeringly:

"'That is the way of the world. *You* did not expect to marry a saint, did you? The doctor was guilty of the same thinking, or he would not have been so ready to murder Alice Thorn.'

"Then, with a curse, he bade me 'attend to my own business, and let Molly alone.' The little respect I had entertained for him vanished, and for a time I hated him with a deep, violent hatred, that would not have hesitated at any deed. His cowardly taunt about my husband rankled in my heart. The passionate anger at length subsided, and I contemplated self-destruction, but my conscience forbade this. Subjected to the insolence of the cook, neglected by the captain, watched by the seamen, I felt that my powers of endurance had been put to a greater test than they could bear. When the long voyage was ended and we landed at my home, I did not envy Molly the open admiration she received from the captain, but the humiliation was hard to endure. I had no respect for the man whose name I bore, but a wounded pride compelled me to conceal from all others my disappointment.

"I determined that my stepfather should make restitution of the property left by my husband, and I would then make for myself a home elsewhere. My mother was drifting into incurable insanity, and when her husband was absent I would steal into her room and sit a while with her. Her tears were almost ceaseless now—not a bitter weeping, but slow-dropping tears, and a constant refrain of 'Poor Sisy! Poor daughter!' I was confident that she had been made acquainted with the wrongs of which I was a victim, but tried to believe that she had been powerless to avert those wrongs, and had not lent a willing hand. The captain had been absent for some weeks, and, returning in the evening, found me in the garden among the fields to my mother's. He had once said to me:

"'If I ever find you out after dark you will be sorry.'

"I saw the Sylph at her wharf, and knew it would be dark before I could reach the house. Mother had been unusually sad, and I had remained longer than I had intended. I was rapidly as was possible in the cold, cutting air, and almost breathless, reached the house, to find the door locked. I tried the rear door. That was also fast—an unusual thing in the country, as you know. I called and rapped upon the door. No answer, and no light visible, although it was not eight o'clock. Snow was falling rapidly, and an attempt to return to my mother's would result in a failure, as I was already greatly fatigued, and, being naturally timid, was frightened. I crouched close in the deep, old-fashioned door, and, gathering my skirts about me, wept and prayed that I might die. Wearied and faint, I fell asleep, and dreamed of my old home and the husband I had lost—sweet, precious dream, not yet obliterated from my mind. Relenting at last, my husband unbarred the door, and, as he opened it suddenly, I fell heavily into the room, making this wound.' She lifted her brown hair from her temple to show a deep scar that Edith had never seen before. "A light revealed my injury, and he had the humanity to call a physician, who expressed much surprise at the wound. A plausible story was told him. My clothing had been changed, and I was in bed when he came, but consciousness had not returned. My feet were frozen, and they bear the evidence yet of that night of exposure. A few days after I was attacked by a violent fever, and gave premature birth to a daughter, whose existence I knew nothing of until weeks after the feeble life had gone out from mortal view.

"Edith, you have asked me if I have had any children, and I have told you no. So far from my old home and all who knew me during that weary time, the facts were not likely to become known. I dreaded the ordeal of questions I must undergo, and I have uniformly given the same answer until recently. I have never spoken of the birth of William's child until to-day.

"A feeling of remorse seemed to act upon the minds of William and his mother—perhaps a fear of public opinion governed them to some extent—for they became kind to me, and in my sickness the grateful sense of even their kindness inspired a kind of forgiveness that stole into my heart. I compelled my stepfather to pay over my money to me, and by a little cajolery persuaded the captain to permit me to buy this house. At that time we were some distance from the city, and the place was far from being as lovely as it now is. When I was safely housed in my own property I did not intend that any power should wrest it from me. I was safe from the abuse of his mother, and he was absent most of the time. I tried faithfully to do my duty as a wife, and sometimes hoped that William, removed from his mother's influence, was really improving. He seemed to think more of me, and certainly treated me with greater respect.

"When alone for long hours I would think of the past and try to fathom the treachery and wrong of which I felt I had been the victim, but it still remained a mystery to me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Dying Model.

I was told a very touching story, which may illustrate one side of Paris and will possibly affect many a reader who has himself seen something of art life in the great Babylon. A young American artist of much talent has been for some months preparing a picture entitled "Charlotte Corday on the Eve of her Execution," purposing to send it to the Centennial Exhibition. As he is most thoroughly conscientious and painstaking, he has labored earnestly with models. It is scarcely necessary to say that he had much difficulty in finding one who suited him in every particular.

When he did find her he les rned that she was the good daughter of pious parents, and had adopted this curious profession because she had drifted into it at a moment when there was nothing else to do. Joined to her rare beauty was an indefinable and exquisite melancholy, which seemed born of some vague and unexpressed apprehension of future trouble. During the seventy or eighty sittings which the model gave the artist the latter frequently and respectfully endeavored to win from her the secret of her troubles, but always in vain. At last he himself could not help seeing, in the mysterious pallors or the sudden flashes which overspread the beautiful features, that the model was doomed to consumption—that insidious malady which so rarely releases a victim which it takes from the poorly-fed and overworked classes.

One day the model came late; then there were days when she came not at all. At one time she said:

"You must make haste, or we shall be too late to see the picture finished."

There was such a whole epic of suffering in the manner in which she uttered the words "too late." The artist delicately endeavored to secure care and attention for the beautiful model, and to warn her of her danger. But, with the intense pride so characteristic of the Parisian women of her class, she refused all succor from any individual, and waited and wasted until she was compelled to go to the hospital.

Now she lies there, fading out just as a white cloud sometimes fades in the morning sky. You admire it for an instant, it is unutterably pure—so remote from all things gross—then it is gone.

Perhaps you will think for a moment about this poor model when you look at the picture of "Charlotte Corday" in the art department of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

HADN'T ANY FUN IN HIM.

One of the members of the Methodist Conference recently held here, was out for a walk at an early hour this morning, and, while on Howard street, he encountered a strapping big fellow who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith-shop.

"Catch hold here and help me down to the shop with this wagon, and I'll buy the whiskey!" called the big fellow.

"I never drink," solemnly replied the good man.

"Well, you can take a cigar."

"I never smoke."

The man looked at the wagon-tongue, looked hard at the member, and asked:

"Don't you chew?"

"No, sir," was the decided reply.

"You must get mighty lonesome," mused the teamster.

"I guess I am all right—I feel first-rate."

"I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster. "Come, now, let's warm up a little."

"I never bet."

"Well, let's take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I am, and I'll give you the under hold."

"I never have fun," solemnly answered the member.

"Well, I'm going to tackle you, anyway. Here we go!"

The teamster slid up; and endeavored to get a neck-hold; but he had only just commenced to fool about when he was lifted clear off the grass and slammed against a tree-box with such force that he gasped half a dozen times before he could get his breath.

"Now you keep away from me!" exclaimed the minister, picking up his cane.

"Bust me if I don't!" replied the teamster, as he edged off. "What's the use in lying and saying that you didn't have any fun in you, when you're chuck full of it! Blame it! you wanted to break my back, didn't you?"—*Detroit Press.*

THE STAGE-MANAGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The audience know him not,
Save on occasions rare and dire,
When he'll "apologize" with skill
Or quiet an "alarm of fire;"
Yet every "set" that charms the "house"—
The "magic mountains," broad and high,
The "battle-field," the "Queen's boudoir"—
Owes beauty to his practiced eye.

He forms the "ballet" for their "groups,"
With all the "old ones" far from view;
He keeps the wariike "mob" in check
Until they get their proper cue;
Upon the "first nights" of the play
He'll "hold the book" when all are "strange,"
And dance around from "wing" to "wing,"
To "give the word" or "ring the change."

He "cuts the speeches," "casts" the play—
If there's a co "Prompter," writes the "call;"
But by the Thespians, strange to say,
He's very seldom liked at all;
They look upon him with distrust,
And hidden motives seem to know;
But, should he ever dare to "act,"
They view him as their mortal foe!

If he is gentle in his ways
And smiles, no matter what is said,
The company believe him "weak,"
And soon his discipline has fled.
If in his measures he is stern,
And all his wishes formed to suit,
He's called a "tyrant" by the men,
And by the ladies known as "Brute."

Of "grand spectacular effects"
He fully knows the "ways and means;"
He's fine in "military plays,"
And "great" on "transformation scenes."
He knows when "calciums" should be used,
And where the footlights should prevail,
And feels at home in "sun-lit glades,"
Or midst the howling of the gale!

Insisting on "judicious cuts,"
He puts the "author" in a rage,
And by a thousand nameless ways
Promotes the splendors of the Stage.
He sees with pride the Drama change,
And nearer draw to Nature's way,
And aids it with artistic skill
And honest labor day by day.

EDWARD E. KIDDER.

AFTER ALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

I was dining with my friend Prof. Kruger, at his beautiful seaside cottage, when I first listened to a discussion of *kascisch*, the wonderful "insane root," which causes whoever inhales it to pass through the most extraordinary experiences. There were several celebrities among our party that evening, among whom was a late consul-general for Egypt; and, as was natural, the conversation turned on the theme of his extended travels through the Oriental world. He explained to us the properties of the strange drug *kascisch*, and acknowledged that he possessed a quantity of it, together with the necessary apparatus for inhaling it.

"I have experimented on it in various forms," said he—"in its liquid as well as in its condensed state—and must confess that its effect is very remarkable."

Interested as I was, I still felt exceedingly skeptical as to the wonderful developments which, really, when he related them, sounded very Munschausen-like; and, with all due deference to the opinions of the late consul, I expressed myself rather plainly.

So it came to pass that, when the ladies were safe in the drawing-room, and we gentlemen sat alone over the wine and walnuts, our friend from Egypt announced his intention of sending to his hotel for *kascisch* and inhaling-pipe, and offered the guests assembled an opportunity of testing its powers. No sooner said than done; and soon we were bending curiously over an iron-bound box, which he had placed upon the table.

First he produced a large pipe. On the top of the bowl he placed a small bit of *kascisch* paste, which was of a greenish color, strongly perfumed, and, lighting it, invited the guests to inhale the smoke. One after one they complied, and after a few whiffs of the pungent weed appeared to lapse into unconsciousness. A strange distaste to the experiment to take possession of me, as I marked the dull, drunken stupor into which they appeared to have fallen. They resembled, with their stolid faces, the debased opium-smokers of the East.

At last, it came my turn at the pipe. I bent over it and touched my lips to the inhaling-tube. Instantly, I felt a strange constriction across my forehead, as though a heavy iron hoop had been bound around my brain; the pupils of my eyes dilated; a horrible impression flashed into my heart. I seemed to be dissolving into "thin air." With a mighty effort I wrenched myself from the tube, and, impelled by some power, which I could not resist, I turned away and joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

A merry group they were, and some "were young, and *one* was beautiful." She was an amber-haired, rosy-lipped, blue-eyed divinity, and I found her in a graceful attitude, alone, on a satin tauteuil, looking rather pensive. She swept aside her voluminous drapery of mauve crape, and pointed with one white finger, upon which a diamond star scintillated, to a dainty footstool at her feet. With a bow of thanks I seated myself. Not a word had passed between us. There was no need of words. I felt a power in that woman which psychologized my will, and made me her abject slave. A power which no earthly—no mundane power to which I drew me ever to her side. I had heard a voice, speaking through the merry-making of the convivial group—a faint, sweet, tender voice, which bade me come, and I had obeyed. I looked up into her eyes.

"You called me, Miss Annesley," I whispered.

She smiled—a strange, dreamy, languid smile.

"Did I?" she answered slowly. "Come, let me sing for you!"

She arose, and, rejecting my offered arm, seated herself at a grand piano, which stood in an alcove near. The other occupants of the drawing-room were engaged in the farther end of the long apartment; we were as if we were alone. Rose Annesley dropped gracefully on the music-stool, and swept one creamy hand over the pearl keys. The hush of a Summer twilight filled the room; through the open casement came the murmur of the sea, bearing with it, heavy, sickening, the breath of the snow-white jasmine. I can never inhale its perfume now without a tightening of my heart-strings, a sensation of impending horror.

I see it all before me this moment. The sumptuous room, with the gayly dressed group at one end, gathered about our hostess, the figure at the piano, by whose side I stood, the haughty little head with its waves and billows of golden tresses, fluffy and shining as spun-gossamer, the face as white as the midst like a drop of blood. The soft eyes were downcast, the white lids trembled beneath my steady gaze; her attitude was full of childish abandon. Suddenly her voice broke the oppressive silence—a sweet, low contralto. It was full of pathos and enchantment, and the song she sang!

"Fling back the casement wide,
When we were sailing, I and she,
Down the dark, the silent stream;
The stars above were pale with love,
And a wizard wind did faintly move,
Like a whisper through a dream.

She raised her blue eyes shyly to mine, then dropped them quickly. Her hand flashed over the keys again, and the sounds began to quiver in such a way the twilight deepened in the alcove; the rest of our party had followed our hostess into the garden. The flush on her round cheek grew deeper, then she went on:

By yonder moon, whose light so soon
Will fade upon the gloom;
And this black tree, whose mystery
Is mingled with the tomb;
By Love, and Aaron, and Death's dark tree,
Lovest thou me?

My hand closed over hers with a firm clasp. Whatever my fate was to be, I was determined to know it that night. I held her hand in mine; I bent over her; her breath fanned my cheek; I could hear the beating of her heart.

"Rose," I whispered eagerly, "Rose, my ——"

The words died on my lips. At that instant, I was aware of a cold breeze, chill and damp, with the odor of the grave about it. It swept between our faces; it blew my life an indefinable horror of—I know not what. Then I felt—I swear that this is true—a hand glide between my own and the dainty white one which I held—a clammy, death-cold touch, like the stiffened fingers of a corpse thrust between our palms. I dropped Rose Annesley's hand with a shudder.

"Sydney," she cried hurriedly, "what is the matter?"

I stammered some flimsy excuse. But her soft eyes appealed to me; her little hand rested against my arm; her Circe face was turned towards my own. There was intoxication, delirium, in it all. I took both her hands in mine, and, looking down into the incubus which oppressed me I spoke—wild, wild words, I know; but the look in her eyes compelled them.

That night we parted betrothed lovers. But I left her with a strange feeling in my heart. It seemed as if I had bartered my soul away to some terrible power; and yet I was bound by chains which could not be broken.

On the way home to my room I became convinced that I was followed. A slight form, wrapped in a cloak, seemed dogging my footsteps, but when I turned to look in his face it was gone—vanished like smoke. I reached home at last—tired, worn out with contending emotions. In my own snug room I closed the windows—at the risk of suffocation—as if fearing the entrance of someone from without; drew down the shades, lighted the gas, smoked a cigar, and retired. I must have slept an hour or more, when I was aroused by a strange sensation. Again I felt on mine the touch of that cold, cold hand. I opened my eyes. The room was dark, intensely dark, and I felt, rather than saw, the outlines of a slender figure standing by my bedside. "Who is it?" I cried, rising hastily, while a vague horror seized me, and I felt a chill settle around my heart. At that moment a faint light appeared and illumined the room with a twilight gleam. It disclosed the form of a woman, wrapped in a cloak, standing at my bedside, with one hand extended, as though to grasp my own. I gazed at her intently. The face was fair, like, and unlike, Rose Annesley's; it was more childlike, and over all it had the dews of the grave upon it. Slowly, and with unutterable horror, I realized that it was no mortal in whose presence I was, and my heart seemed to pause in its wild beating as the truth flashed over me.

With unrepelled breath, I watched the form beside me. It approached nearer, it bent over me close—close. I could feel an icy exhalation from its pallid, parted lips. By the dim light in the room I could see the dropped jaw, the set, glaring eyes; its bones rattled as it moved—my God! it was horrible. But, as I gazed, the light in the room grew dimmer; the dreadful form seemed to grow fainter and more indistinct; and then, as I watched in an agony of horror, from the cold, icy lips a voice came—sad, faint, and sweet:

"Beware!" it said earnestly. "The woman whom you would wed is a murderess!"

With a feeling of death at my heart I sprang towards the skeleton form.

"Who are you?" I shrieked wildly.

"I *was* her only sister," the sad, faint tones continued. "That she might gain all our father's wealth, she murdered me. Beware, beware, of Rose Annesley!"

The voice grew fainter and fainter; I raised my hand and clutched fiercely at the vanishing form. But a rattle of dry bones and a blood-curdling laugh alone met my ear, and the apparition was gone!

Then I remembered nothing more until the following evening, when I found myself standing on the cliffs, just outside the village, with Rose Annesley by my side. Above us a sky gray, threatening, angry; a few white gulls dipped into the foam-crested water, and flew screaming around and around our heads. The sun had set in a bank of wild, black clouds, and left a crimson streak along the west. The wind moaned and groaned, foretelling the fast-coming storm, while all the time the icy hand of the dead woman seemed to grasp my own in a firm clasp, and I heard ever in my ear the faint, dreary tones of the spectre's voice urging me onwards to the step which I was about to take.

We paced up and down the high, beetling rocks, many feet above the boiling, seething water, Rose Annesley and I. At last the moment came for me to speak. I felt that if I did not I should die. I paused abruptly before her, and looked into her siren face.

"Rose Annesley," said I calmly, "why did you murder your sister?"

A horrible light crept over her sahen features; her eyes devoured me, as she stood facing me, while overhead the storm gathered fast and furious, and the darkness began to descend upon us. Not a word did she utter. She moved towards me like a fury. Her form seemed to expand before my gaze, and grow larger and larger; her wild eyes dilated; she was metamorphosed. Her white hands clenched themselves together fiercely. She moved slowly towards me. I knew that death was coming; every look and gesture of the woman spoke it; while I stood, unable to move, as though frozen to the spot. With a wild flash in her eyes, and a look of unutterable hatred upon her wicked face, she raised both hands and pushed me headlong over the cliff. I closed my eyes. My doom was approaching. Halfway down I caught at a bit of shrub which grew on the steep side of that dreadful rock. I clutched at it madly, wildly, but the slender root gave way, and I fell downwards—down—down ——

I opened my eyes. Prof. Kruger was standing at my side, shaking me violently, while the rest of the party gathered around convulsed with merriment. I rubbed my eyes in bewilderment, and looked about me.

It was several hours before I was brought to a realization of the truth, and then I discovered that, bending over the *kascisch* pipe, I had unconsciously inhaled the drug which I had so derided. And so Rose Annesley and her murdered sister were but myths, the wild creation of my own brain. It was but a *kascisch* dream, after all!

JUST SO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

When times are hard and cash is low,
And trade comes in most awful slow,
What is it that I would advise?
Advertise!

When folks go streaming past the door,
And never step inside the store,
My best advice do not despise—
Advertise!

When draw and pocket both seem thin,
And much goes out and naught comes in,
If you would be exceeding wise—
Advertise!

For thus it is with men of brain,
Finding their fortunes on the wane,
And hoping they may take a rise—
Advertise!

Your Hembolds, Stewarts, Barnums, too,
Drygoods, menagerie, and buchu,
Exalt this method to the skies—
Advertise!

Bonner, with Dexter, Prince, Lamb Maid,
Tom Scott upon the rail he's laid,
Had but one way to win the prize—
Advertise!

The greatest men who live to-day
Have found in this the only way
To swell beyond the common size—
Advertise!

It never yet was known to fail
To brighten times and trade to sale;
To bind your luck with golden ties—
Advertise!

And so whate'er you have to sell,
Do *this* at once, and do it well;
Keep it before the public eyes—
Advertise!

So, let your name be Jones, Smith, Grimes
Try this *one* way to cheat hard times:
You'll find herein the secret lies—
Advertise!

THE CIRCUS OF SATAN.

A County Meath Legend,

AS TOLD BY THE INTELLIGENT GUIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Well, now, sir, if you press me, and there's no shame in the truth, I laughed like that behind my hand bekase I see you smile, and thim of the party swollerin' all the gintleman with the bald head was praching. You thought some of his argyments on the Druidical sthructure yander of New Grange was unfounded? So they are, intirely; the stones arranged in rings looks more like a horse-riding circus than anything else? It is happy I am, believe me, sir, to find a gintleman of larning intirely av me own opinion altogether. Whisper! it is a *circus!* and they kape it up to this day, the—the good paple! But I'll tell you ——

"Do tell me."

"I am going to tell you. It wasn't so many years ago that there was two pipers lived that a-way, that was well beknown to all the neighbors. What was the wedding, where was the fair, that could pass off smooth widout thim! Rathogue they called one, and Kenny the other. They was both shaped alike, being hunchbacked, as if they were carrying muddles" (models) "of the Hill of Houth on their shoulders. But they wasn't trated the same in their characters and their fartunes. For Kenny was as freshcheeked and good to the heart as you wid wish your own brother, wid the winning smile in his eyes like the morning sunlight—a manly boy. But Rathogue was hated—egorre, he was petted too when the pitaties were bad, and he come along whin they wor weeding out the black-smutted wans, though he had the full stocking of money, so that the schaming ould families wid daughters that remained in the cabin smoke made him heartily welkim. They both lived near to the inn I shtood you yesterday, built wid the stones from King John's Castle. Him that had it thin was a hard-drinking ould man that had been a sailor, and, they do say, more of a priest than evin a smuggler, but they niver wor nice about sich things whin he was young. They called him Barney Baker the masther of the ceremonies, by reason of its being at an angle of the road, as you might see, was the Thirsty Corner. An ould witch—Hiven be marciful to her, and it's not me wid ha' been the father to hear her duty" (confession) !—"and Jack's daughter Connie, they kept the house, and a dale to do wid him, always deep in the cups and the mobs coming by from the fairings.

"It's sweet and wise she was, this Connie I tell you of, sir, and purty, though she hadn't an Irish face, being born abroad where oranges grow, and none the worse bekase there was money saved up for her. But all the b'ys wid the winkin' eyes had been sent to the right-about, I can tell you, afther the two hunchbacks put up in the house. It was Rathogue she loved, be worn by divel!

"'He's not the wan to tarn his poor back on a friend,' says she, 'and so what does it matther ef he is misformed?'

"Kenny was so sure of her love that he up and axed the old man whin the old man was a thrifle sober. Oh, but there was a nise and an uproar. Whoop-a-doo! They had it by this! Kenny was given the go-by for days to find another lodging, and, faith, did he look at Connie, the ould tiger would take down the Queen Ann from up over the little carved ship on the cupboard-top, and blow a hole through his hump like a tunnel through a mountin. Widout money, widout hope, poor Kenny ran to drown himself. But the b'ys got hould av him to tuk up to drown himself with was enchanted, like many another stone in Ireland, d'ye see? and turned into a wild pigeon between his fingers.'

"'Kenny, Kenny!' said the pigeon, would you slie that crystal clear pond wid your noble silf, and have poor little Connie wid a thrifle av the world but her dog Pitchapoo?—the dog you gave her, and that's even now leadin' her straight to you.'

"'But I shall be losing her in three days!'

"'Lose her! Your sivin sinses have gone haymaking in England! You were never nearer the wedding her, you fool!'

"Whirr went its wings, and he came near losing the pigeon anyway. But he held on tight. It's not often we like to lit go so aisy thim things that float up our hopes about the crature we love. With that along came Connie and a dog—a dog that some tinker had banged into mummy and left by the road, where Kenny picked him up and named him with the landlord. She spied the rope, and he had to own what he was going to do when the bird stopped him. But no pinching nor squeezing would wring a word out of the pigeon at present, somehow or other.

"But you don't belave in fairies, Miss Connie,' said the piper; 'they're born abroad among the heathen population, by no fault of yours.'

"'But I belave in dhrames,' says she, 'and I had one about you.'

"'A dhrame?'

"'You're to go to the Stone Rings at New Grange at this midnight, and make a fire of all the herbs, one of each sort, that grow on the thirteenth stone, and throw the ashes to the four winds.'

"'The pigeon cooed, and that was the last it said, and lay quiet thereafter in his corner.

"'And now come home wid me.'

"'She was afeared he would find another stone to tie to his neck, one that would not be a bird at all. Ould Jack was not so sober when he got back.

"'What cheer?' he halloed. 'Did I drive ye away?' Pish! there being no bones broken, take a glass of punch, and be jolly, for 'tis a grand day. Rathogue, my friend the piper, has axed for me daughter's hand, and it's his and welcome!'

"'Very well,' says Kenny, forcing a smile. 'Maybe you'll allow me to present you wid a pigeon, to show I have no gall.'

"He thought the bird had winked at him and whispered this plan.

"'Thank'ee,' says the other hunchback, clapping his hand on the pigeon, when the dog flew up and snatched it from him, not sparing his fingers.

"Rathogue was the passionate man intirely; he took up the stone jug and laid the dog flat on the floor.

"'Father, father! as long as I live, and if I married a thousand times like the Turks, I'd niver marry that man!' cried Connie, who loved the dog.

"But the father had fallen asleep—the only fine thing is sleep that iver dhrink brings to a man. (I'm a Father Mathews man mesilf, sir.) Kenny was going for to hit Rathogue a skelp with the turf-cutter, which lay next his hand; but, suddenly, he says:

"'No, I won't bate you naythen! There's wurs comin' to you, mayhap, than iver my father's son could bestow on the likes o' ye.'

"As he carried the poor dog out to bury him, its eyes opened as big as two church-candles, and give Rathogue a look as friz the cord of his backbone. Well, the two hunchbacks slept in the same big room up the ladder in the corner—a foine, wholesome room, wid the poultthry beneath to wake a man airly by the crowing. Rathogue had the sad twinge in his conscience by the murther of the dog, that he couldn't get enough slape to make a mouthful for a dormouse. And Kelly did not slape, but rose up whin he thought the other was nodding, and slipped out of the windy.

"'There's something in the wind!' says Rathogue. 'The girl and him must be conthrivin' of a meeting together.'

"So he went out in the full moon, and tollied him all the way to the Stone Rings. The moon was playing peep-boh wid the clouds, and there was a wind soughing high and running round behind all the stones to sympathize wid the unknown creatures that was sobbing and moaning there like the wicked mother that they wouldn't let pass the Gates of Glory to see her child again. It set the teeth of Rathogue dancing, but on he looked, while Kenny gathered some plants and made a fire av them, and scattered the cinders on four sides. There was a screech went up from ivery manjack of thim rocks that tore at the ears; but Kenny niver luked round, and Rathogue ran away as if a bull was at him. But there was Kenny home, and, begor, he was snoring, too, when he arrived, and he cud o'ensm

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A MARRYING WOMAN.

The fact was published in yesterday's *Times* that David Kaefer, the proprietor of a lager-beer saloon at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Third avenue, had some six weeks ago married a young German girl who on Friday deserted him, taking with her $600. The detectives yesterday, with the aid of a man named Buessing, who knew the girl, succeeded in arresting her, just as she was stepping aboard the steamship Rhein of the North German Lloyd line, at Hoboken. In tracing the woman's movements after she left Kaefer's house with the money, the detectives unearthed some extraordinary facts in connection with her career. There is good reason to believe that within a few years she married at least three men, all of whom are living, and from each of whom she succeeded in taking considerable sums of money. It is considered certain that she was married some time ago to a man named Fisher, and it is believed that she also wedded a basket-maker in Brooklyn named Luntz. The police believe from facts in their possession that she has also married within a few years two other men. This much-married woman is but twenty-three years of age, and rather good-looking. Her marriage with Kaefer was celebrated in the Prospect-avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, and until she ran away with the money she lived happily with her husband. Of the stolen money $600 was found in her possession. The remaining $350 she spent on clothes, jewelry, and a steerage-passenger's outfit, including bed, blankets, cooking utensils, etc. When arrested yesterday, in Hoboken, she was taken before the Recorder of that city, and agreed to come to New York State without a requisition. She bought her ticket yesterday morning in the name of Pauline Fisher, but when questioned by the detectives gave the name of Martha Konig. Detectives Corwin and Butts brought her and her effects to Brooklyn last night. This morning she will be taken before Justice Walsh. So far no positive proof has come into the hands of the police that the woman was legally married to any of her alleged husbands, with the exception of Kaefer; and should they fail to obtain such proof, it is improbable that she can be held, as in the eye of the law she could not steal from her husband.—*N. Y. Times*, Oct. 1.

AN ACTRESS' MARITAL TROUBLES.—Miss Ellen Maria Barnett, better known to the theatrical world as Miss Nellie Power, residing at Islington, London, Eng., applied under the provisions of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act for an order protecting her property and earnings, acquired since her desertion, against her husband and his creditors. Some time ago the parties appeared at this court, when both complained of being assaulted, and at that time they were living separate. The applicant now stated that she was married to her husband, Robert Gideon Barnett, a diamond dealer, on June 1st, 1874, at the registrar's office at Hackney. At that time she was obtaining her livelihood as an actress. After the marriage at the registrar's office they proceeded to Paris, and there they were remarried by order of the Greek Church, in accordance with the husband's persuasion. At first they lived very happily together, and that continued for about eight months, when they lived apart, at her husband's solicitation. They afterwards cohabited, but that did not continue long, and they again separated. Mr. Cooke asked if that separation was by her husband's consent? The applicant said it was. About three months ago she again cohabited with her husband, and lived with him up to the 30th of July. On that day her husband went out in the morning, as she thought, to go to his ordinary business, but never returned, and she had never seen him since. He has never returned to live with her, and he has not contributed in any way towards her support, nor has he wanted to return. She was living on her own property and earnings, and was entitled to have them protected. In answer to Mr. Cooke, the applicant stated that her husband did not, on the occasion in question, leave her with her sanction, nor was she aware that he was going to desert her. She was still following her profession as an actress, and she therefore wished that no claim should be protected against her husband. She was likewise afraid that her husband's creditors might endeavor to attach her earnings. Mr. Cooke granted the application, and told her that she would have to get an order from the County Court, or it would be of no avail. The applicant thanked his worship and retired.

DIVORCE COMPLICATIONS.—Yesterday, in the Special Term, before Justice Ingalls, an application for alimony and counsel fee was made on behalf of the defendant in the divorce case of Peter Loucks agt. Margaret A. Loucks. Both parties are of middle age, and were brought up as neighbors in the town of Gallatin, Columbia County, where the defendant, when still very young, was married to a man named Potts. By him she has had three children, now aged respectively 19, 22 and 24 years, all of whom she raised. Some five or six years ago, as was alleged in the course of the argument, Loucks procured for Mrs. Potts a divorce from her husband, and in 1872 married her. The husband took his new-made wife to his own home, where his sisters and mother also resided. In September, 1875, she left him, and, proceeding to Hudson, brought suit for her support, and he was obliged to give bonds. Later still, she commenced an action for limited divorce, and, in an application for alimony and counsel fee, one of the allegations for a referral for the allowance was the fact that she was about to become a mother. During the pendency of the motion it was alleged she had given birth to a child, the fact being attested by the certificates of two Hudson physicians. The husband, it was claimed, meanwhile, during the child-business was trumped up for the occasion, instituted an investigation, and proved by the certificates of two other physicians that the woman had not been confined. He also showed, as was alleged, that the child was imported from a New York hospital, and, with the aid of confederates, made to represent her own offspring. The result of the exposure was that the suit was withdrawn, and the parties once more resumed the marriage relation. The reunion was not lasting, however, and within a short time thereafter a separation took place. Loucks then commenced the present action, alleging that the woman had been unfaithful.—*Albany* (N. Y.) *Argus*, Sept 27.

ACTION TO ANNUL A MARRIAGE.—The case of Laura Klein against Richard Wolfsohn, which was presented to Judge Van Vorst, in the Special Term of the Supreme Court yesterday, possesses some peculiar and interesting features. The action is brought to declare null and void a marriage between the parties, Laura Klein according to the story she was induced by her father to go before the Mayor of this city in August, 1875, and be married to the defendant. She was under seventeen years of age at the time. She supposed the ceremony was a mere betrothal, and that the marriage itself was not to take place until the following year. She claims that the defendant had represented himself as possessing some property. Immediately after the marriage ceremony she says she discovered that he had no property, and possessed a bad character. She therefore refused to consummate the marriage or to have anything to do with him. Her father then put her out of the house. Since then she has been supporting herself respectably by working in a factory, and also in part supporting her mother. The case was sent before a referee, who found the facts in favor of the plaintiff. Application was made before Judge Van Vorst yesterday for a decree of divorce on the referee's report. The Judge suggested that the marriage was an undoubted fact, and that, unless the plaintiff was entirely deceived in the defendant's character, it was not a sufficient cause to annul a marriage that the property of the man was not such as the woman supposed it to be. He took the papers, however, reserving his decision.—*N. Y. Times*, Sept. 28.

A SAD ENOCH ARDEN CASE.—A telegram from Dubuque, Iowa, dated Oct. 3, says: "A married lady of this town, named Alice Golden, attempted suicide by poison on Friday afternoon. Several years ago she was married to a man named John Cruze, who afterwards went to California. Some time after his departure his wife heard he was dead. After waiting for several years, vainly hoping to hear from him, she married a mechanic of this town, named Edward Golden, with whom she lived very happily until last week, when the long-absent Cruze turned up, and demanded his wife. Believing it their duty, Golden and Alice separated; she going to live with her first husband, though strongly against her inclination. Her mind became so wrought up that she could neither eat nor sleep, and on Friday she sought to end her sorrows in the grave. Prompt medical attendance saved her life, and she is now recovering. It is reported that Cruze will abandon all claims, and allow her to again return to Golden."

WOULDN'T BE TRIFLED WITH.—Miss Petronella Froehlich, aged 25 years, of Schodack street, Williamsburg, L. I., has instituted a breach of promise suit against Henry Hoellerer. Mr. Hoellerer is 55 years old. According to her story, she became acquainted with him two weeks ago, at a moonlight picnic. "He promised me that night," she said, "that he would marry me the next day, but when the next day came we put it off for last Sunday. As he did not come to my house for me, I went to his and said: 'Come, let us be married.' 'No, you just get right out,' he said; 'I no marry you,' and he took me right out of the house. Well, never mind, I will make him feel worse than if he had married me."

MARRIED TO A CONVICT.—A most novel and interesting marriage ceremony was performed Oct. 1, in Superintendent Jackson's office at Sing Sing (N. Y.) Prison, by Chaplain Strong, the participants in the contract being Miss Nellie Hann, a comely blonde of about nineteen years of age, who resides in this city, and Ludwig Wolff, who was convicted of grand larceny in the Court of General Sessions on Aug. 11, and sentenced by Recorder Hackett to two years' imprisonment. At the conclusion the bride burst into tears and threw herself into her husband's arms. They embraced each other ardently and then separated, he placing a handsome gold ring on her finger. It is asserted that the parents of both are wealthy.

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BASEBALL.

THE BROOKLYN TOURNAMENT STOPPED BY CROOKED PLAY.

Some ten days ago a tournament was arranged to take place on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, in which the several contestants for the Jersey championship—the Resolutes of Elizabeth and the Olympics of Paterson—were to join with the Chelseas of Brooklyn and Alaskas of New York in a series of single games together, the tourney giving promise of some close and interesting contests. In the interim the second New York and Brooklyn nine match had been played, with its results of crooked work, and Mr. Cammeyer seriously contemplated throwing the Alaskas out of the tourney; but he was persuaded to "give them a chance," and consequently the first game on the tourney test, set down for Monday, Oct. 2, was that between the Alaskas of New York and the Olympics of Paterson. With two such nines on the basis of square play it was a toss-up as to which would win, the odds, if any, on an estimate of the relative playing strength of the two nines, being with the Alaskas. To the surprise of the uninitiated in the mysteries of the metropolitan pool selling and buying business, pools sold at the large odds of 26 to 14 that the Olympics would not only win, but *win in two innings!* This was too thin a game to succeed with the majority of the patrons of the pool-room, and so but few were taken in. The result of the contest was the success of the Olympics by a score of 5 to 2, as follows:

Alaska	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
Olympic	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	1—5

It will be seen that the Olympics were allowed to win in one inning. There were no fewer than twenty errors committed by the Alaskas, chiefly by Quilty, Larkin, Dover, Hankinson, Treacy and Hovey, the majority of the nine, too, batting like novices. The "little game" of the conspirators was worked to the hilt, the crowd jeered them as they made their wild throws, wild pitches, and passed and muffed balls. This was enough for Mr. Cammeyer, who, at the close of the game, informed the Alaskas that they could not again play on his ground. Moreover, that night the directors of the club met, and investigated the charges of alleged fraudulent play, and the next day they visited the Union Grounds and informed Mr. Cammeyer that they had examined into the matter, and had found that "at least six of the men were crooked." Whereupon Mr. C. informed the directors of the Olympic, Resolute and Chelsea Clubs, and it was agreed to end the tourney with the game of Oct. 3 between the Resolutes and Chelseas nines. On that day, therefore, these clubs met and played

A SQUARE GAME,

a full report of which we append. It does seem surprising that young men supposed to possess common sense and judgment will be so blind to their own interests as to sacrifice themselves on "crooked" work on a ball-field. Those whom the Alaska Club directors have discarded are now excluded from further service in any reputable ball club.

The contest of Monday, Oct. 3, between the Chelseas and Resolutes was, in the fielding skill displayed, quite up to the standard of some of the best contests of the League, especially that of the Chelsea nine, which may be set down as a first-class reliable team, something only too rare in the semi-professional arena this season. The game was closely contested up to the fourth inning, the score standing at 1 to 1 only, errors by Nichols, Clape and Cassidy having let in one run on the Resolute side, and errors by Cohen having given the Chelseas an unearned run, two fine double plays by Loughlin marking the Resolute fielding, while Nichols, McCabe, and West similarly distinguished themselves on the other side. In the third inning good hits by West, Hourigan, Loughlin and Cassidy led to the scoring of runs, two being earned; for, though Towart dropped a fly-ball, it cannot be said to have been an error, as it was only by hard running that he was able to get near the ball, and he saved it from being a two-base hit. A bad throw by McGlynn to third-base gave one run, the other not being earned. The Resolutes now had up-hill work, while the Chelseas, encouraged by their lead, played up to the highest mark, the Resolutes not being allowed to score another run. In the sixth inning a strong effort was made by the Resolutes, and as overthrow by Cohen gave the Chelseas a single, and in the last inning played—the eighth—another bad throw by Cohen led to the Chelseas escaping a blank, they eventually getting in three runs. As it was they had a hard and dark to play, for the game was called. The game was well umpired by Mr. Rankin. We noticed, however, that he allowed Peters to run in front of Dunn, in one instance, purposely to prevent the latter's throw to the field, without deciding him out, as he should have done.

RESOLUTE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CHELSEA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fallon, p.	0	0	3	1	3	Clare, c.	0	0	2	0	3
Austin, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0	West, 2d b.	0	2	3	3	1
Loughlin, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	0	Nichols, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	2
Cohen, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	4	Hourigan, r. f.	0	1	2	1	0
Dolan, s. s.	0	0	1	3	2	Rule, p.	0	0	2	2	0
Nelen, l. f.	0	0	1	0	1	Dunn, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
McGlynn, c.	0	0	5	5	1	Cassidy, c. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Towart, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	McCabe, s. s.	0	1	0	0	2
Ward, 1st b.	0	0	11	1	0	Barrett, 1. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	0	1	27	18	11	Totals	0	3	27	12	8
Resolute	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1
Chelsea	0	0	0	1	3	0	1	0	0	1	0—6

First base by errors—Resolute, 3; Chelsea, 6. Runs earned—Resolute, 0; Chelsea, 2. Umpire, Mr. Rankin of the Press Club. Time, 2h.

THE LEAGUE AND SUSPECTED PLAYERS.

What is the League Association going to do at its Cleveland Convention in regard to suspected players? This is a question of vital importance to the interests of professional playing for the season of 1877, and the League will do well to give it deep consideration. Last Winter, when we asked the League directors why it was they threw out the Philadelphia Club for alleged dishonest practices, and not others, with glaring inconsistency in the New York hospital, and, with the aid of confederates, made to represent her own offspring. The result of the exposure was that the suit was withdrawn, and the parties once more resumed the marriage relation. The reunion was not lasting, however, and within a short time thereafter a separation took place. Loucks then commenced the present action, alleging that the woman had been unfaithful.—*Albany* (N. Y.) *Argus*, Sept 27.

ACTION TO ANNUL A MARRIAGE.—The case of Laura Klein against Richard Wolfsohn, which was presented to Judge Van Vorst, in the Special Term of the Supreme Court yesterday, possesses some peculiar and interesting features. The action is brought to declare null and void a marriage between the parties, Laura Klein according to the story she was induced by her father to go before the Mayor of this city in August, 1875, and be married to the defendant. She was under seventeen years of age at the time. She supposed the ceremony was a mere betrothal, and that the marriage itself was not to take place until the following year. She claims that the defendant had represented himself as possessing some property. Immediately after the marriage ceremony she says she discovered that he had no property, and possessed a bad character. She therefore refused to consummate the marriage or to have anything to do with him. Her father then put her out of the house. Since then she has been supporting herself respectably by working in a factory, and also in part supporting her mother. The case was sent before a referee, who found the facts in favor of the plaintiff. Application was made before Judge Van Vorst yesterday for a decree of divorce on the referee's report. The Judge suggested that the marriage was an undoubted fact, and that, unless the plaintiff was entirely deceived in the defendant's character, it was not a sufficient cause to annul a marriage that the property of the man was not such as the woman supposed it to be. He took the papers, however, reserving his decision.—*N. Y. Times*, Sept. 28.

A SAD ENOCH ARDEN CASE.—A telegram from Dubuque, Iowa, dated Oct. 3, says: "A married lady of this town, named Alice Golden, attempted suicide by poison on Friday afternoon. Several years ago she was married to a man named John Cruze, who afterwards went to California. Some time after his departure his wife heard he was dead. After waiting for several years, vainly hoping to hear from him, she married a mechanic of this town, named Edward Golden, with whom she lived very happily until last week, when the long-absent Cruze turned up, and demanded his wife. Believing it their duty, Golden and Alice separated; she going to live with her first husband, though strongly against her inclination. Her mind became so wrought up that she could neither eat nor sleep, and on Friday she sought to end her sorrows in the grave. Prompt medical attendance saved her life, and she is now recovering. It is reported that Cruze will abandon all claims, and allow her to again return to Golden."

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THE BOSTON CLUB.

The Campaign of the Reds of 1876.

Next to the creditable success achieved by the Chicago White Stockings this season comes the equally creditable career of the Boston Red Stockings, a team which entered upon the campaign of 1876 under circumstances well calculated to cause them to take a far less advantageous position in the pennant race than they so pluckily managed to obtain. A retrospective glance at the career of Harry Wright's noted Red Stockings will, perhaps, be in place as showing what a club can do when it is run on what we call the "Boston plan" of management, viz., that of engaging none but honest and reliable men, and of paying due attention not only to training and discipline, but especially to that vital element of success *"playing for the side."*

In 1871—the first year of the existence of the Boston Red Stockings—they equaled the Athletic record of victories, but lost on that of defeats. Since that year they have won on the championship every season up to 1876, as will be seen by the appended table:

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1871, Athletic	22	7
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From their inaugural year up to the present season, their improvement in playing strength as shown by their yearly increase of victories, up to 1875 inclusive, was rapid. From twenty-two victories, out of thirty-two games, in 1871, they went to forty-one victories out of seventy-eight games in 1875—a record unsurpassed, considering the strength of their opponents and the improvement in the game since 1869, when they did not sustain a single defeat—we refer to Harry Wright's Red Stocking nine of the Cincinnati Club. Their past season's play has necessarily been an experimental one. With George Wright, Leonard, O'Rourke, Schafer and Manning as a nucleus, they had to work a team from comparatively new material. Pitchers and catchers had to be tried and trained, and young fielders had to be taught how to play in a scientific way. In this nine the work had to be done in the face of a stronger field opposition than any other club had previously encountered; for not only were the new teams of the League greatly in advance of previous seasons' nines in playing strength, but the nines of the Athletic, Mutual, Louisville, St. Louis, Hartford, Chicago and Tecumseh Clubs, and of twenty other players we might thus single out as examples of marked integrity of character, are but the incidents or contingencies in the game; but it is a very different matter when you see the same improvement exhibited by players whose daily habits of life, their associations and surroundings, are all unfavorable to a reputation for square play. The mistakes the majority of managers of professional clubs have hitherto made has been in place fielding and batting skill as the primary essential of a professional's ability to do successful work in the field, and to make integrity of character a secondary consideration, when it should be the first. The question is: "Will the League again commit the blunders in this respect they did this season?" If they do, then we need not look for any decrease in the dishonest professionals for 1877. There are players in the League nines of 1876 who are as honest as they are skillful and intelligent, whose presence in the team is a credit to the game they play and the club they belong to. But there are others—a small minority, we are glad to say—who are just as much a discredit. Now, these latter should be rooted out of the professional arena, and if the League Association intends to carry out the reform of existing abuses which it professed to be required to do, it will throw out all marked men. Until this is done, any restoration of public confidence is out of the question. The League clubs growl at the falling-off of patronage in such baseball cities as New York and Philadelphia, and wonder why it is, when the fact is plain and palpable to ordinary observers that the cause is an entire lack of confidence in the honesty of play of the contesting nines of the two cities. People by thousands take the trouble to go out to the distant Union Grounds to see legitimate contests between rival amateur nines, while a pitiful fifty or so of spectators will not attend the contests at the Union Grounds. Why this is thus our columns for the last two or three weeks plainly show. A dozen or so of crooked players suffice to spoil the popularity of the game in two large cities; and, while this is allowed to be done by reason of there being no combined and effective effort on the part of club-managers to stop it, it is not surprising that professional games have ceased to pay in this locality. There are thousands ready to liberally patronize contests between nines thoroughly reliable. There is no falling-off in the attractive power of the game itself—that is as strong as ever; but people will no longer pay to see hippodroming or to witness "pool-ring" contests. This is a fact the League should at once realize, and there is no more important duty for them to attend to at the Cleveland Convention of December next than that of reforming existing abuses.

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THE CHAMPION CLUB OF CANADA.

The Tecumsehs' Record.

The game of the American continent—baseball—has made rapid progress in Canada this season, simply because it presents more excitement in a contest, is healthful and occupies but a tenth part of the time to play that cricket requires. Of course, it will not entirely replace cricket, nor should it do so; but it will become the more popular game of the two, especially with the mass of the Canadian youth, who can afford neither the time nor the money for the latter to confer much benefit. The baseball rivalry in the Dominion this season has been greater than ever before, and it has resulted in the importation of American professionals to assist in settling the local championship. This, of course, is not quite desirable; but it may be regarded as but the stepping-stone to the growth of local skill, it has its uses. Up to 1876 the Maple Leaf Club of Guelph stood unrivaled as the leading club of Canada; but this season the Tecumseh, London, under the auspices of an enterprising and spirited management, has obliged the hitherto conquering Maple Leaf to take up a secondary position. Had the latter contented themselves with their original Canadian team, their defeat would not have been so important a matter to them as it now is; but in order to win the championship of Canada, and therefore the struggle for the championship became as much a trial of skill in judgment in the selection of the teams as in the playing strength of the respective nines, the Tecumsehs having given the Maples a heavy start in the race. We hope to see the Canadian Clubs encouraging the growth of a school of native players, so that they may at some future time be able to present a picked nine of Canada able to cope successfully with a picked nine of the United States in a series of international contests.

The record of the Tecumseh Club, given below, will be found to be as creditable a one as any other that will be furnished by clubs outside the League. Of a total of 45 games played, the Tecumsehs won 40 and lost 5, of the latter three were by a tally, and one each to the Stars of Syracuse, Ithaca and Ætna of Detroit. The two latter clubs suffered defeats from the Tecumsehs, so that they cannot claim superiority. No opportunity was given the Tecumsehs for a second time to defeat the Ithaca Club. Among their most notable victories are those over the St. Louis Browns, Indianapolis, Mansfield, Jackson, Ithaca, Ilion, Binghamton and Detroit Clubs. They also defeated the Guelph Maple Leafs four times in a trophy series for the championship without encountering a single reverse. Baseball has been very popular in London the past season, and large crowds invariably attend first-class games. Next season the managers intend to put a nine in the field, it is hoped, will keep up the high reputation already won by the Tecumsehs. Below will be found the Tecumseh Club record for the season which closed on Saturday, Sept. 30:

GAMES WON.		GAMES LOST.	
	Tecum. Opp'nt.		*Tecum. Opp'nt.*
Aug. 23, St. Lawrence of Kingston, at Kingston	40 to 0		
Aug. 18, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	17 to 0		
Aug. 19, Tecumseh of London, at London	15 to 0		
July 8, Cass of Detroit, at London	13 to 0		
July 3, Mutual of Jackson, at London	12 to 0		
July 5, Mutual of Jackson, at London	11 to 0		
June 24, Wabash of Ft. Wayne, at Ft. Wayne, 7 inn.	8 to 0		
June 28, Athletic of Mansfield, at Mansfield	8 to 0		
Aug. 26, Maple Leaf of Guelph, at London	6 to 0		
June 26, Indianapolis of Indianapolis, at Indianap's	3 to 0		
Aug. 19, Standard of Hamilton, at Hamilton	5 to 2		
Sept. 6, Cass of Detroit, at London, 5 innings	5 to 2		
July 21, Ilion of Ilion, at Ilion	5 to 3		
Sept. 12, Maple Leaf of Guelph, at London	8 to 3		
May 24, Maple Leaf of Guelph, at London, 10 inn.	8 to 3		
July 7, Cass of Detroit, at London	10 to 3		
July 20, Maple Leaf of Guelph, at London	10 to 3		
Aug. 28, Browns, St. Louis, at London, 10 innings	10 to 3		
Sept. 11, Ætna of Detroit, at Syracuse	11 to 3		
May 21, Ætnas of Detroit, at Detroit, 7 innings	12 to 3		
July 25, Cricket of Binghamton, at Syracuse	12 to 3		
July 26, Cricket of Binghamton, at Kingston	12 to 3		
July 18, Ithaca of Ithaca, at Syracuse	13 to 3		
July 24, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	13 to 3		
Aug. 25, Tecumseh of London, at London	13 to 3		
June 22, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	14 to 3		
Aug. 26, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	19 to 3		
Sept. 21, Ætna of Exeter, at Exeter	19 to 3		
Sept. 14, Blue Sox of Cincinnati, at Clinton	23 to 3		
July 13, Utica of Utica, at Utica	24 to 3		
June 23, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	26 to 3		
July 28, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	10 to 4		
Sept. 21, Ætna of Exeter, at Exeter	19 to 4		
Sept. 14, Blue Sox of Cincinnati, at Clinton	24 to 4		
July 13, Utica of Utica, at Utica	24 to 4		
June 23, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	26 to 4		
July 28, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	10 to 5		
Sept. 21, Ætna of Exeter, at Exeter	19 to 5		
Sept. 14, Blue Sox of Cincinnati, at Clinton	24 to 5		
July 13, Utica of Utica, at Utica	24 to 5		
June 23, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	26 to 5		
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Sept. 21, Ætna of Exeter, at Exeter	19 to 6		
Sept. 14, Blue Sox of Cincinnati, at Clinton	24 to 6		
July 13, Utica of Utica, at Utica	24 to 6		
June 23, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	26 to 6		
July 28, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	10 to 7		
Sept. 21, Ætna of Exeter, at Exeter	19 to 7		
Sept. 14, Blue Sox of Cincinnati, at Clinton	24 to 7		
July 13, Utica of Utica, at Utica	24 to 7		
June 23, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	26 to 7		
July 28, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	10 to 8		
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July 13, Utica of Utica, at Utica	24 to 8		
June 23, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	26 to 8		
July 28, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	10 to 9		
Sept. 21, Ætna of Exeter, at Exeter	19 to 9		
Sept. 14, Blue Sox of Cincinnati, at Clinton	24 to 9		
July 13, Utica of Utica, at Utica	24 to 9		
June 23, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	26 to 9		
July 28, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	10 to 10		
Sept. 21, Ætna of Exeter, at Exeter	19 to 10		
Sept. 14, Blue Sox of Cincinnati, at Clinton	24 to 10		
July 13, Utica of Utica, at Utica	24 to 10		
June 23, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	26 to 10		
July 28, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	10 to 11		
Sept. 21, Ætna of Exeter, at Exeter	19 to 11		
Sept. 14, Blue Sox of Cincinnati, at Clinton	24 to 11		
July 13, Utica of Utica, at Utica	24 to 11		
June 23, Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	26 to 11		
July 28, Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	10 to

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

NOTE.—A STARVED APPLEJOX, plainly addressed, must be placed over each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., *in transit* between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Oct. 9.

LADIES' LIST.

Aldee, Mrs. Emilie
Ashton, Miss L.
Ashland, Miss L.
Buell, Mrs. E. C.
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Bernard, Lottie
Blande, Edith
Bartelle, Mrs. Carrie
Bailey, Leanora
Burch, Mrs. A. L.
Bent, Belle
Berry, Virginia E.
Branscombe, Mrs. Maude
Barnelo, Lizzie
Bernard, Mrs. Chas. S.
Buchanan, Virginia
Carlysle, Ida
Clarke, Annie (2)
Collins, Lizzie E.
Coombs, Jane 3c.
Chambers, Augusta
Chandler, Ada
Cassell, Madam
Clifford, Ada (vocalist)
DeVere, Emma
Daniels, Ivy
Delmay, Louie
Davenport, Minnie
Dimple, "Dollie"
De Brent, Amy
Darcy, Annie
Douglas, Fannie
Everett, Ella
Elbert, "Daisy"
Elmore, Annie
Edwards, Nellie
Ferguson, Mrs. Delia
Fletcher, Annie C.
Friedenburg, Ida
Fox, Annie
Gerry, Emma M.
Geraldine, Mlle.
Gerhart or Georgia Drew, Tama
Granger, Maude
Grindell Children, The
Heflin, Ella
Herrmann, Mrs. Addie
Harrison, Miss H. H.
Hinman, Ruby
Hunter, Maggie
Haslam, Mrs. Hulda
Hamilton, Mrs. Claude
Hindle, Annie
Irwin Sisters
Jaichen, Mrs.
Jordan, Louie
Kemp, Alice M. (2)
Kingsbury, Alice
Keane, Mrs. Jos. H.
Kellogg, Clara Louise
Linden, May
Lee, Mrs. H. C.
Longee, Kittie
Lockwood, Mrs. Celia
Leslie, Nellie (late of Ward's Varie.)
Lupo, Mlle.
Livingston, Maude
Lotina, Mrs. Sidney
Lang, Ione
Morris, Hattie
Moore, Clara
Markley, Edna
Morris, Clara
Morgan, Annie
Morgan, Jennie
Miller, May
Myers, Maggie (late of Harrisburg)
Malmsbury, Mrs. Emma
Monzert Sisters
Mollenhaeur, Hen.
Miss Otr.
Misco, Mrs. Laura
Morris Ida
Moore, Clara
Neilson, Miss 3c.
Nelson, Nellie (of Centenn. Varie.)
Rosamond Sisters
Rogers, Hattie
Robinson, Erba V.
Ravel, Mrs. Sophie 3c.
Richards, Belle
Siddons, Miss F.
Stetson, Mrs. Ed. P. (3)
Stewart, Eloise & Jennie
Scott-Siddons, Mrs.
Seymour, Annie J.
Saroney, Nellie J.
Tyler, Mrs. Geo. H.
Valdis, Mrs. Louise
Veretta, Lu-lu (2)
Warner, Ella
Warner, Jessie
West, Lillie
Wheeler, Lizzie Jane
Wallace Sisters Combination 6c.
Weston, Emma
Zephy, Millie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Austin, & Chas. Carrie
Abbey, H. R.
Avery, R. A.
Ashtorh, A. A.
Ashton, J. B.
Allen, Willie
Anderson, Prof. "Steve"
Arizona, Chas. (2)
Ashley, Edward (magician)
Auck, J.
Arnold, W. N.
Atchison, L. D.
Aikes, Harry B.
Byron, Jos.
Barry, Edwin
Brady, "Sam"
Byrne, Edwin Byron (of boy" actor)
Bowler, house
Austin, Robt.
Braham, Harry & Lizzie (3)
Baker, Wm. (late of Kelly)
Barnum, P. T.
Barlow Bros. (2)
Bilfour, Jas.
Baker, E. H.
Barr, G. (musician) (2)
Bryant & Williams
Birdsell, Chas. (agent)
Benedict, "Lew"
Booth, Edwin
Blanchard, W. E.
Bernard, "Gus"
Bartley, John ("boss")
Barrow, A. M. R.
Bernard, E. S.
Bennett, Wallace
Bahns, Rich. (musician)
Brazer, H. (musician)
Baker, Thos. (circus director)
Bellson, C.
Bagley, Wm. (mine.)
Barr, Geo
Boullace, Geo.
Baldwin, Prof. S. S.
Blobison, Prof. Ned
Bennett, Harry
Broughton, J. L.
Barnard, J. (minist. "biz")
Burnett, "Alf"
Barsen, Major
Knight, "Sandy"
Bray, Wm. H.
Bedford, "Sam"
Clifton, Arthur
Clark, G. Brooks
Carner, J. W.
Clarke, Geo. (actor)
Clifton, Harry (of Forepaugh)
Carlo, "Billy" (of Carlo Bros.)
Collier, Prof. (magician)
Cowan, Capt. R. W.
Croal, James
Crawford, Geo. S.
Cible, Mr. (circus man)
Cotterell, John
Coleman, Edward
Clark, Rich. J.
Clarence, Prince
Chace, Wm.
Corrilleo, Ramone
Capoul, Victor,
Comers, Wm. (circus "biz")
Cummingham, R. (minst. "biz")
Cooper, Bailey & Co.
Cotton, "Ben" (minst. "biz")
Chace & Dan
Cresseville, J. A.
Carson, "Kit"
Cleary, "Jack"
Cowan, W. H. A.
Direzione, Onorevole etc.
Daley, A. (late of Hamilton, Can.)
Dunbar, W. H.
Daley, James
Denier, John
Dowinger, C.
Deffaven, Claude
Dunois, Frank (3)
Davis, Jr., J. H. (musician)
Dempsey, Monroe
Dobbins, Harry T.
Douglas, Jas. (of South Shields, En.
Denham, Chas.
Davis, C. Hamilton
De Wolf, C. L.
Durand, M.
De Vere, Chas. N.
Denier, "Tony"
DeVerde, Wm. (rope-walker)
Dixon T. B.
Duren, Frank
De Witt, Wm. A.
Daley, "Bobby"
Du Crow, Wm.
Davis, Chas. L.
Eldridge, L. S.
Edwards, Thos.
Elliott, Emil
Emerson, James
Edwards, G. G.
Ellis, C. H. (of Murray's Cir.)
Miles, Wm. (of "StarAlliance" Co)
Fraser, Robt.
Forbes, W. J.
Frawley, H. C.
Farquer, W. V.
Fox, Willie (comedian)
Fuller, Hugh
Forepaugh, Wm.
Ferdinand, Monk
Fish, "Tommy" (cornetist)
Farrel, "Tony"
Fenstin, L.
Figueroa, Patricio (2)
Fulton, Robt. R.
Foote, W. H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Forrester, N. C.
Griffith, Edwin S.
Granger, "Tom"
Gardner & Trembler
Grover, J. Holmes (2)
Goldsmith, David
Galiger, James
Greenward, "Gus"
Galiser, A. W.
Grover, Jr., J. Holmes
Gourley, John
Goss, "Fred"
Gray, "Will" F.
Goldrich, F. E.
Greiner, J. W.
Graham, Mr. (with MacKvoy)
Groves, Prof. (barrel "biz")
Henshaw, J. (banjoist)
Hughes, "Paddy"
Hamilton, Wiley (2)
Horter, M. (of "Thumb" Co.)
Hutchings, D. L.
Houck, James
Hughes, "Nick"
Herriott, Hugh
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Broa.)
Himmel, Chas.
Hills, J. W.
Hodgkins, "Johnny"
Hart, J. O.
Hawes, Frank
Heather, H. J.
Hart, "Bob"
Hollis, Orrin L.
Harrison, H. H.
Harris, G. (of Georgia Minst.)
Height, R.
Hariand, W. E.
Hogan, W. H.
Hall, "Bob" (2)
Hart, Paul
Harrison, James
Heindle, Jacob
Hindle & Greiner
Hawkins, D. R.
Hamlin Bros.
Hamilton, Jno.
Jefferson, C. B.
Jones, S. of Georgia Minst.
Jackson, T. R.
Johanhoff, Chas. &c.
Jackey, C. E.
Johnson, Burt.
Johnson, Robt. (circus "biz")
Johnson, Jr., G. (circus "biz")
Jones, Robt. (stage manager)
Keane, "Joe"
Kneass, Charlie
Kendrick, Wm.
Keating, (of Keating & Sands)
Kiss, James
Keating, John
Kirby, Wm. (comed.)
Kisley, F. (late of Trimble's)
Kearns, Thos.
Kelly, J. D. (late of Park Th., Brooklyn)
Kline, Louis
Kent, Julian
Lane, (of Enoch's Varie.)
Lee, Harry (actor)
Leonard, Geo. A.
Lowando, Martino 5c.
Levy, Mr. (cornetist)
Leonard, Jos. A. (2)
Lloyd, H. T.
Levino brothers
Lenzberg, Max.
Lord, "Billy"
Leopold, ole
Lewis, Harry (of Ag. Wallace's Co.)
Luny, Mr. (of Luny's Var.) 3c.
Laurent, James
Lewis, Warren
Lewis, J. Warren
Lennon, Walter
Levy, Ed.
Leon, A. (of Murray's Cir.)
Leland, J. S.
Leland, Matt.
Mason, "Ned" (manager)
Mason, J. H.
Madigan, E. H.
Mendel, Harry & Charlie
Mason, "Ned" (minst. "biz")
Mills, Chas. (basso-profundo)
Mendel, Harry
Misco, Wm.
Mitchell, Jas. (of Th. Com., Cleveland)
Manager Third Av. Th., N. Y.
Manager Metropo. Thea., Newark
Manager London Pav. Show
Mackley, F. J.
Markley, "Phil" H.
Mundy, Chas.
Ming, Chas. A.
Wells, C. B. (late of Baltimore)
Walton, Geo. (of Pastor's Co.)
West, Frank (equestrian)
Ward, "Will" (of Dup. & Ben. Minss.)
West, W. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Woods, G. W. (bones & vocalist)
Waide & Ryan
Walters & Kelley
Williams, L. Percy
Worley, Chas. E.
Watson, Wm. ("man-fish")
Walters, Chas. (of Linn, Bolton Co.)
Williams, "Bobby" (Bryant & Will's)
Welch, Jas. (Irish comed.)
Yale, Chas.
Moore, L. A.
Miles, Wm. G.
Kojes, Frank
Newman, N. L.
Natalie, Mons.
Nelson, Wm. (late of Detroit)
Nelson, John (late of St. Louis)
Newell, Tyzzes D.
Noon, J. (of Hawley & Noon)
Newcombe, "Bobby"
Odell, C. B.
Ogden, H. G.
O'Keane, W. R.
O'Reardon, M.
O'Neill, Jas. (late of Cleveland, O.)
Ogden, R. Doray
Oliver, Jos. H.
Pelham, C. (2)
Peters, Jas. F.
Pankhurst, Frank
Polk, J. S.
Poland, W.
Peak, W. (of Peak Family)
Parker, "Joe" H.
Perez, Z. C.
Pellis, Stephen G.
Perry, Mr. (of "Globe" Cir.)
Pewers, Enoch
Pyke, Geo. L.
Pulman, D. (late of Leon & Cir.)
Pearce, Geo.
Phillips, H. E.
Peel, "Bill" (with Heywood Broa.) (2)
Pedanto, —
Pholte, Jno. W.
Robinson, Wm. (dead. of Orch.) 9c.
Robinson, H. (of Robinson & Mack)
Reynolds Brothers
Roberts, Wm.
Roome, Jas. D.
Rosenbilly, Harry
Robbins, "Burr"
Robson, Stuart
Raymond, "Billy"
Rees, Florance
Rankin, McKee
Raymond, J. T. (2)
Richardson, H. (of "Old" J. Rob. Cir.)
Rooney, P.
Rhinehart, Geo.
Rose, David
Romer, Mr.
Shields, Geo. O.
Sindair, Harry
Sprague, "Dan" J.
Shay, J. J.
Stanhope, Geo. W.
Scully & Barry
Sherwood Bros.
Shay Brothers
Sharpley, Jas. W.
Sautelle, Geo.
Sebastian, Romeo
Sweeney, Eugene
Smith & Fox
Smith, Alvin
Stutz, J. C.
Sothern, E. A.
Shepard & Whitney
Sullivan, Wm. (of Castello's Cir.)
Searl, F. ("Texan Wizzard")
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Shield, "Johnny"
Stoepel, Harry
Seeley, F. B.
Shirley, A. J.
Sturgis, Cuas. E.
Shipley, C. B.
Stanley, Ernest
Sargent, H. A.
Sludger, T. F.
Sauvez, L. Eric.
Strong, H. C.
Stillman, Deil.
Sibley & Pearne
Sinn, Col. W. E.
Shirley, Prof. H. J.
Smith, Walter
Sullivan, Wm.
Shelby, Mr. (of Shelby's Comique)
Seymour, —
Robinson & Mina.)
Stanley, Ernest
Tyler, Mr. (manager)
Toomey, W. F.
Trickett, Edward
Tinkham, Ed.
Victorelli, H.
Vilis, S. F.
Wells, Harry C.
Wolfe, Jas.
Wells, C. B.
Wolhalla, Jno.
Wild, Oscar
Wilsey, Chandler
Woodson, Harry
Williams, G. E. 10c.
Wiley, "Lem" H.
Washburn, Leon
Wiley, "Billy"
Wallace & Kelley
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Worden, Robt.
Windor, Chas.
Wing, Chas. A.
Wells, C. B. (late of Baltimore)
Walton, Geo. (of Pastor's Co.)
West, Frank (equestrian)
Ward, "Will" (of Dup. & Ben. Minss.)
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Woods, G. W. (bones & vocalist)
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Williams, L. Percy
Worley, Chas. E.
Watson, Wm. ("man-fish")
Walters, Chas. (of Linn, Bolton Co.)
Williams, "Bobby" (Bryant & Will's)
Welch, Jas. (Irish comed.)
Yale, Chas.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Oct. 9, '76.

Surely, the revels have commenced. New York is overrunning with seekers after pleasure, and the metropolitan manager is catering as he never catered before. "Surely, this *is* a great city," exclaimed a ruralite the other evening after he had taken in the last of the theatrical entertainments on the list prepared for him by one who had seen the show before, and surely he was right. Every kind of enjoyment is provided—comedy, dramady, variety, farcedy, minstrelsy, ballety, etcetery. Every author has justice done him. "Isn't Shakesy left out in the wet?" Jimmy, this is no time for the immortal bard—he's a fossil—he's behind the times, and has given place to Daly, Boucicault, Calvert, Tayleure, and others. William was all well enough in his day, and answered the purpose for which he was born; but people require something fresh and exciting nowadays—there must be sinking ships, burning palaces, natural nudities, and calcium lights of every conceivable tint. Booth's Theatre is crowded every night with classical scholars, who pay most attention to Bartholetti, Palmieri, and Florentini, and the grand array of dancers who crowd the stage in every part, and look gorgeously fascinating in bare arms, low necks, and flesh-colored tights. Although Byron's exquisite lines are read with fair intelligence, the dance is the thing that holds the spectator in bondage. So at Niblo's the dancing and the limbs of the play is lost in the whirl of tarletan, silks and fleshings; while the bending forms of the frontrowers are met by the gallantry of the rising forms of the frontrow-ers in the orchestra stalls. These two houses get the cream. And yet the other theatres give sweet welcome to large audiences, some of whom seem to favor the alleged miseries of Uncle Tom and his log cabin; others laugh themselves to death at the evolutions of Mascagno-Lewis at Daly's; and numerous others innocently while away the hours in listening to Tony Pastor's experience in a-lean-banana trade; viewing the eccentric motions of Harrigan and Hart; or drawing in the sweet strains of each favorite vocalist at the Theatre Comique. Verily, nobody need go away dissatisfied. And the treasurers are still happy—they haven't seen so much money since that memorable quiet time along the Potomac. Why, they haven't time to recognize an "old friend," as you are aware. With your kind permission we shall be the architect of few choice

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Cash! cash! cash!
From the throng that is sweeping in,
And the treasurer chuckles with inward glee
As he rapidly rakes it in,
Oh, joy for the managers all,
Who have waited and wailed so long;
And joy for the actor, too,
Who had chorused a dismal song—
For the stately crowds go in,
Determined to have their fill,
And high o'er the sound of the peanut's crunch
Come the notes of their laughter shrill.

..... To being called a *moral leper*, a dear brother in the church has been awarded five thousand dollars! Mr.! At that rate what would have been his portion had the other chap called him an *immoral leper*? Why there isn't an acrobat in the entire circus profession who would object to being called a *moral leaper*! These preaching brothers are rather too thin-skinned, "like as it might be."..... Louise Pomeroy, pretty as a picture, is to make her New York debut at the Lyceum Theatre on the 16th. As the lady is in no way related to the boy fiend Pomeroy, there is no danger of her slaughtering Pauline or Juliet—she will make no beautiful fiend of *herself*. Ah, no!..... James is a devoted lover of "Our Fan," and last week he went to Philadelphia, where Miss Davenport was cramming the Arch-street Theatre, with herself and Daly's "Pique" as the attraction. In a letter to us, after going into raptures over the charms of "the last beluvved wun of his sole," he winds up by asking "Did you ever notice in 'Pique' that the character of *Sam Dymple is a—d—d simple?*"..... During a political campaign we should suppose that the world was turning upside down did not the conflicting elements call each other thief, cutthroat and base liar! But we are shocked when the amenities are violated by our professional friends. "We are led to these remarks" after weeping over an item in the papers wherein it is stated that Dion Boucicault said of W. E. Floyd of the Globe Theatre, Boston: "He is not a person—he is a poultice!" Now, if this *is* true, will the gentleman who carries the Globe on his shoulders make application of himself to the person of Boucicault?..... As the approaching Winter promises to be a cheapcab age, the Grand Opera-house begins the joust by taking "Uncle Tom's *Cab-in!*"..... No, James; even if Mr. Mace *was* a vocalist (and we believe his *vocal list* is limited), he could hardly be called one of the *Jems of song!*..... To otherwise please the *farce-seeing* stranger, our managers, ever awake to the wants of the people, now provide Sabbath-evening entertainments for the benefit of those christians who go to sleep in church! Booth's Theatre opened the way last evening, and hymns of praise and sinful compositions were mixed up in harmonious confusion. The Parisian Varieties, equally interested in works of the mind, opened its pious budget at the same time, one of the salient features of the programme being "the peerless champion banjoist of the world!" Now, very likely, the next thing will be some irreligious police-officer *bouncing* the peerless one and his banjo..... A correspondent who hasn't been to the Centennial wants to know if it's true that Beecher stood on his head when he read about that other moral leper, that story of Theodore's Ride. This is another of those questions "which no feller can find out." What Henry may do in that line to amuse the home circle we don't know; but we *do* know that he does not stand on his head for ducats! but yet he gets his living by head work.

..... The *t-w-o hoss buggy one*—Joseph Goss and Joseph Coburn—will try to haul in the lovers of art at Wood's Museum this week. One thing is certain—if they *wish* to, they can make a *hit*; or, as our baseball friends might aptly call it, *two strikes!*

..... Last Monday there was to be a grand free show, open to all, without regard to religious bias or color. It had been publicly announced that Star Theatre was to make its first appearance in a double-act with the Sun, or, leastwise, in a set two, and that it was expected the former would make its mark, you will observe. So, ever so many of us employed the whole of Sunday in smoking glass, through which to view the brilliant scene. Well, when Monday came everybody went to bed, and there wasn't a chimney that hadn't its occupant, and they turned people away, so great was the rush. The tower of *The Tribune* building, which building, by the way, "Our Jim" irreverently calls the striped pig, was jammed to suffocation. And there they sat, and there they watched—the Sun came up radiantly beautiful promptly on time, according to announcement, but Vulcan, we grieve to say, never showed, owing, probably, to indisposition. In fact, it wasn't a Vulcan night, and, after wearily watching until the bright harbinger of day illuminated the Western sky, the spectators came down from their high estate. It was a cruel disappointment, and the person who got up this sun-and moon-hoax is no lady!..... But there are all sorts of practical jokes and things being played on the unsuspecting ones, and the city is not like itself with these new faces bobbing up and down at every turn. One of 'em went into a Fifth-avenue restaurant the other morning, and don't you do for a poor man to go to such places, for it kills the waiters dead when anything less than quail on toast is called for. So this man we have reference to sauntered in like he wanted a *good* breakfast. The preacher-looking waiter seated him. "Well, sir, what will you have?" said the waiter, respectfully. "Have? why, I'll have anything you've got (but, for *that* matter, the custom-er is generally the *longest waiter*. He! he!). "Have you fish-cakes?" asked the man in a quiet aspect. "*No;* we don't keep 'em." "I am wealthy—I always eat ten or eleven dollars' worth of fish-balls, I'm so fond of 'em." "I'll see, sir." Then he went away, but returned presently and said: "Have ordered an order for a private breakfast of fish-balls to be sent to Mr. Astor's, we have a few more left of the same kind." "I will *try* one, and while you are preparing it I will refresh my memory by looking over your bill of fare." On that single fish-cake, prepared for the private table of Mr. Astor, that wealthy old guy made his breakfast. Now, is it any wonder that there are so many *murders* in this city?..... But soft; hold your breath while we take a side-hold for a poetic wrestle.

STRANGE!

Are Gothamites highwaymen?
Knight of the cord and knife!
They wanted Daly's "Money,"
And now *demand his "Life!"*

..... Kelly & Leon have got a new tenor, and last week he sang so well "Come Once Again" that the audience, by their applause, demanded it be *come once again*, which he did.—A gentleman advertises for a lady-trapeze performer, and one of the conditions is that she must be "up in the business." As if a trapezest could be anything else but *up* in the business..... Notwithstanding the lively state of affairs and encouraging fitness of things during the past month or so, managers have a true inward feeling that the political fever now so contagious may interfere with their prospects and create a downward tendency. Well, their apprehensions are not groundless; and, now that Indiana and Ohio are exciting the public mind to such a pitch, it is fair to presume that the present week will try the managerial soul as with dynamite, for the camp-fires will be all ablaze, and the Tammany cauldron will be a-boiling and a-sizzling like a free chowder, with the independent voters standing by to secure their portion of the provender. But the storm—if there is to *be* a storm—can't last long, for the ides of November are fast approaching, and a few weeks will suffice to settle the question as to the right of possession of Uncle Sam's loaves and fishes. In the meantime, let our managers attend their own business, and permit the political bushranger and Sitting Bull to swing round the circle in their own roundabout way..... "Our Jim" has some queer ideas. The other night he took in one of the variety shows on Broadway, and, after listening to a plaintive ballad and looking around him at the crowded state of that part of the house where the dollar-an-admission people re-marked: "'*Oh, Quickly Check the Falling Tear*' would be a good song if the family-circle should give way." Then his fears began to give way to the first law of nature, and he quickly went out after a little something soothing..... They are going to give the old man a chance, that is, Shakespeare, at Niblo's. Well, if Wood's Hotel proprietors were set crazy. Every hotel in the city was divested of its "bellboys," and the man who advertised was so overwhelmed that he's been in a hospital ever since. If advertisers would only make themselves a little more clear, so that he who runs may read, much trouble and many long explanations might be avoided. It was just so with a manager who advertised for an "old woman." Now, *he* knew what he wanted, and *we* knew, but the other old women didn't; and you never heard of such a scrape as that one got into—he was overrun by aged women from every walk in life. *He'd* in yet—set crazy by the old nuns. Why, there are thousands of just such cases. There was Mrs. Drew of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia. What did she do? Advertised for a "chambermaid." The very day THE CLIPPER reached that city, every intelligence office in the place was emptied—chambermaids, cooks, girls of all work afraid of work—city or country—went for Mrs. John Drew; they crowded her like she was a savings institution about to burst up. What did she do? Sent for Mayor Stokly and the police; but before that throng of chambermaids they thawed away all the same like they was a tencent piece of ice left in the sun of a hot Summer morning before the house was up. What then? Gov. Hartranft got out the militia—that settled it—*the girls all followed the soldiers!* Is it true? Now, what interest is it to us to lie? We hate to tell you folks anything, for you always seem to doubt it, to throw out slurs, to bring up George Washington's early career. What we've told you is true, and we know it. "Peanuts?" No, stay; we've just had lunch. *Shut the door.*

CITY SUMMARY.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM the stock company acted "A Flash of Lightning" at all of the performances of the past week to a good average business.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS have been doing a satisfactory business since our last report, the only change made in the programme being the ballad of "Margaretta," effectively sung by W. H. Hamilton.

LURLINE "The Water Queen," Blanche Correlli, James Messenger, Blanche Selwyn, Ben Gilfoil, Nat C. Goodwin Jr., and Frank Gibbons were the newcomers to the Olympic Theatre, Oct. 2. Lurline, who has separated from her partner, Watson the man-fish, performed her customary feats of eating, drinking, reading, writing and sleeping under water, which met with liberal approbation. We are of the opinion that the feats are the most effective when given by a single performer, as more space is afforded in the tank. Blanche Correlli as a vocal lark ranks considerably above the average of those heard upon the variety stage, and we were somewhat surprised to find that the first selection was "Eileen Allanna," which, popular as it is, may become wearisome if too frequently repeated. James Messenger gave some remarkable feats of juggling with heavy cannon-balls, exhibiting great strength, skill and powers of endurance. Blanche Selwyn gave male character songs, with rapid changes of costume, quite successfully. Two of her selections were fresh to this locality. Ben Gilfoil performed an eccentric Ethiopian song-and-dance so cleverly as to elicit liberal applause. Being twice recalled, he caricatured two of Miss Selwyn's impersonations singing the same songs she had sung. Nat C. Goodwin Jr. performed Ned Stryker in the sketch called "His First Rehearsal," during which he gave imitations of popular performers. The most successful of these were his impersonations in costume of Gus Williams the Dutch comique, and Sol Smith Russell as Dorcas Pennyroyal, both of which received the emphatic endorsement of the audience. His other imitations have deteriorated, notably that of Edwin Booth, which, as now given, only exaggerates some of that actor's faults, without displaying any of his merits, and the tone of voice is more than falsetto. The other characters in the sketch were impersonated by C. W. Kemble, John Walsh, and Miss Hattie Hastings. Frank Gibbons did some difficult feats of balancing upon the aerial trapeze. Many of his feats were highly perilous, especially those during which a chair and a ladder were used, being placed on the bar of the trapeze; but the air of confidence the performer displayed, combined with the fact that a large net was securely fastened beneath him, divested the spectators' minds of fear. The programme also included a Hibernian musical specialty by Scanlan and Cronin, entitled "Irishman to the Front," during which they, aided by seven male members of the company, sang a character song, and in response to an encore danced an Irish reel; serio-comic songs by Lulu Delmay; songs-and-dances by Griffin and Rice; "Wanted, a Lodger," by Scanlan and Cronin; and the dramatic sketch of "False Lights," in which the dramatic company appeared. The attendance was fair, the upper portions of the auditorium being filled with visitors, the lower parts falling to do so.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" achieved a pronounced success at the Grand Opera-house during the past week, the attendance fully equaling that seen there during the most prosperous period of the Fisk regime. The drama received an elegant scenic setting, and fresh scenery was imparted to it by introducing in a plantation scene a large number of colored folks, consisting of men, women and children, who were effectively posed about the stage. Slavin's Georgia Jubilee Singers were heard in refrains, songs, quartets, etc., peculiar to the African race, and in singing many of these a number of the company forces above referred to joined. Warren Griffin gave some banjo performances which aroused the enthusiasm of the audience. The merits of Mrs. G. C. Howard as Topsy, G. C. Howard as St. Clair, and George Kunkel as Uncle Tom are too well known to need comment. Little Gracie Ward, a bright, intelligent child, played Eva quite effectively, and the supporting cast was all that could be desired. On Oct. 16 Messrs. Poole & Donnelly will inaugurate the regular Winter season, when dramatic and variety performances combined will constitute the attractions.

CROWDED IN EVERY PART is the report we have to make of the Fifth-avenue Theatre during the past week. "Life" has made a marked success, and bids fair to hold the stage for many weeks to come. The scenery is gorgeous, the costumes are elegant, and the dialogue is full of snap and go. It was a happy idea of Mr. Daly's to write in an additional act, giving his patrons all the salient features of a spectacular piece in less than an hour of time—ballet and a magnificent transformation scene.

BUSINESS CONTINUES LARGE at Booth's Theatre, and deservedly so, for "Bardanapalus," considered purely in the light of a spectacle, is the most artistic production that has been seen in New York for many years. It contains many scenes as grand as Fairyland, Philadelphia, Pa. A card from Stage-manager Collins endorses Wash Norton's acts as a successful attraction.

THOMAS SHIEL HENDERSON was the star at the Bowery Theatre the past week. He acted the character of Lanty Logan in his own drama of "Tullamore, a Tale of '98," which, although it contained nothing novel in the manner of treating the subject, achieved a fair degree of success. Mr. Henderson is not without histrionic ability, but he lacks the experience to enable him to make the best use of his powers. He deserves encouragement, as in the portrayal of a higher phase of his profession he is certain to succeed, provided that he may achieve such success to which he aspires. His presence, figure, face and voice are in his favor, and study and practice, combined with these natural qualifications, can accomplish a great deal. The support of the stock company was satisfactory. T. T. Bailey made his first appearance here, acting Major Barton quite acceptably. The drama was preceded by the farce of "An Object of Interest," with Emma Grattan as Fanny Gribbles and W. T. Melville as Barney O'Dwyer, until Friday evening, when "The Charcoal-burner" was substituted, and ran the rest of the week. A fair business was done.

LILLIE ELLIS, Kittie La Varde, Belle Winters, Kitty McDermott, Mona. Florentine, Sig. Monta, and the Norton Brothers are billed for this week at the Columbia Opera-house.

AT THE CHATEAU MABILLE VARIETIES the fresh arrivals this week will include Josie Walby, dancer; Jessie Bloomfield, vocalist; Henry De Audrey, motto vocalist; and Mollie Cavanagh, dancer.

HAROLD BATEMAN, son of the late H. L. Bateman, and Miss Hettie Bernstein, were married in this city on Oct. 7 by the Rev. Edward H. Krans.

TONY PASTOR inaugurated his second season in his New Theatre, 585 and 587 Broadway, on Oct. 2. During the recess the auditorium has been thoroughly cleansed and redecorated, the private boxes have been remodeled, and the flooring of the aisles and the vestibule has been covered with new cocoa-matting. The performances opened with a sketch called "The Centennial Visitor," which afforded Charles Worley an excellent opportunity to display his comical abilities, and Frank Girard and W. Lester gave him efficient support. Jennie Engle sang a pleasing medley, and in response to encores gave two of the freshest songs in her repertory. Karl Lind gave his wonderful equilibristic feats, and introduced a new one, consisting of shooting an apple from the top of a pole some few feet distant from him, while he maintained an inverted position, his head resting on the top of a decanter. His successful accomplishment of this feat was greeted by lavish applause. Tony Pastor, as he came in view of the audience, met a hearty reception, and, as usual, he was compelled to respond to half a dozen encores ere the spectators permitted him to retire. He sang three new songs—one about his Annie, another the burden of which was "Bad and Good Luck," and the last "Don't Make a Noise, or Else You'll Wake the Baby." Harris and Carroll were seen in their specialty entitled "The Old Slave's Return," during which they played banjo-solos, character-songs, dances, and plantation hymns, the last-named being several times redemanded. Gus Williams received a fervid welcome, and his singing of the freshest of his Dutch songs (including a new one) and the recital of his witty interpolations were provocative of great hilarity. He also gave, for the first time in this city, his pathetical recitation of "A Lock of Hair," which made a pronounced hit. Charles Worley, William Carroll, Frank Girard and William Harris performed a sketch called "No Pay, No Cure." Miss Marie Whittingham and Master Newman sang several duets and songs in a pleasing manner. Harry Kernell gave his peculiar entertainment in the North-of-Ireland dialect, and introduced many new witticisms, which elicited loud laughter. Crossley and Elder gave their well-known athletic sports to apparently the entire satisfaction of those present; Mr. Elder strained one of the tendons of his feet on Tuesday night, and for one or two nights thereafter, although he nightly appeared on the stage, Mr. Crossley was compelled to work comparatively single-handed. The Big Four—Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron—aroused much enthusiasm during the performance of their eccentric specialties, and increased their former popularity. The closing sketch, performed by Gus Williams, Frank Girard, and the Misses Sadie Deshon and Jennie Satterlee, entitled "Wife vs. Servant," sent the spectators to their homes in the best of humor. The attendance was large all the week.

'BABA' attracted very large audiences to Niblo's Garden during the past week. Some judicious curtailment in the dialogue and business of the sketch have improved the general effect of the spectacle. The performances now terminate about eleven o'clock. John A. Mack, after a brief vacation, has resumed his duties as business-manager at this theatre. He is to be credited with the translation and adaptation of the dialogue of the spectacle.

LEONARD GROVER, the well-known manager, arrived in town during the past week.

A NEW VARIETY THEATRE is shortly to be built, we are informed, in the Bowery, opposite Prince street.

SHOOTING OF A CHORUS SINGER.—Mme. Marie Blanc was shot by her husband, Professor Jules Blanc, a blind teacher of music, at their residence 201 West Thirty-third street, on the night of Sunday, Oct. 1. Blanc also killed his three-year-old boy, Emil, and then placed the pistol to his right temple and fired it. He died shortly afterwards from the effects of the wound. Mme. Blanc was removed to Bellevue Hospital in a semi-unconscious condition, and has so continued up to the writing. It is thought that there is a slight possibility of her recovering. The dead bodies of Jules and Emil Blanc were removed to the Morgue, whence they were taken on Oct. 5, and interred in Cypress Hills Cemetery, the professional associates of Mme. Blanc having subscribed as much as they could toward defraying the expenses of the funeral. Mr. and Mme. Blanc had been married about seven years, and, a short time after their marriage, he went to sea and was shipwrecked on the coast of Africa. He succeeded in reaching the settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, and there he was attacked with malarial typhoid fever. While in the hospital he became blind, and on his recovery he returned home to restore his sight. He returned to Marseilles, and after a time came to this city, where he had lived during the past five years, teaching music for the support of his family. At first Mme. Blanc aided him in giving music lessons. Being a very attractive woman and having a fine voice, she secured an engagement with Aimee's Opera-bouffe Company, then performing in Lina Edwin's Theatre, and she succeeded so well that after a little time she was entrusted with small parts. She first sang the Queen in "Barbe Bleue." When Aime went to Havana; Cuba, Mme. Blanc accompanied her, and later they were together in San Francisco. Mme. Blanc returned from her last trip only a week before the shooting, and had made arrangements to go with Aimee's troupe to Philadelphia, where they open Oct. 9. There are various opinions as to the motive for the shooting, one being that Blanc was jealous of his wife and wished to take them with him; another being that he was driven to despair by poverty, and that, being unable to support his family, he preferred to seek relief in his own and their death.

A WHALE FOR THE AQUARIUM.—A telegram dated Albany, N. Y., Oct. 9, says one of the largest whales ever captured alive passed through that city at half-past twelve o'clock P. M. on a special car en route for the New York Aquarium.

JOSEPH MAAS, tenor of the Kellogg English opera Troupe and his wife and child arrived from England in the steamship City of Berlin Oct. 8, and left for Philadelphia, Pa., 9.

MISS ROSE WOOD has seceded from the Park Theatre. Cause, nonfulfillment of contract.

MISS LOUISE FRANKLIN, a pleasing vocalist, who at once secured the favor of the audience; John Williams, the well-known Lancashire comedian, who received deserved applause; and Delehanty and Cummings, who performed W. H. Delehanty's musical sketch of "Romance and Reality" in a pleasing manner—Mr. Cummings evinced a marked improvement in his business since he last appeared here, which we are pleased to note. The Metropolitan Comique on Oct. 2. A new sketch, written by Edward Harrigan, entitled "Walking for Dat Cake," with the author and Tony Hart in the chief characters, achieved success. The programme also included ballads by the Orpheus Quartet, banjo-songs by Mr. Bakes in his first appearance on the stage in America, enacting Mr. Honeyton. Next (this) week Mary Carr makes her first appearance this season in 'John Garth,' which will then be seen for the first time in Boston."

ROBERT SIMPSON, the founder and proprietor of the Museum at Minsk and Arch streets, Philadelphia, formerly known as "Col. Wood's," will resume the control of this favorite place of amusement on Nov. 3, when the old lease expires. Especial attention will be paid to the museum department, Mr. Simpson having made arrangements with P. T. Barnum and Adam Forepaugh for the exhibition of their stock of animals during the Winter, and other living curiosities these gentlemen may have in their possession. He has also bought a large lot of wax-figures from Madam Tussand of London. The well-known actor and manager John E. McDonough, who has just returned from Australia, will assume the dramatic management of the house, and a continued series of first-class plays and sp-ctacles will be presented. The building will be thoroughly rejuvenated inside and out, and put in first-class order before the opening.

AT THE KIRALFYS' ALHAMBRA PALACE, Philadelphia, the spectacular drama of "Around the World in Eighty Days" attracted excellent audiences during the week ending Oct. 7. The French society drama "L'Idole" will be performed here shortly for the first time in America. The spectacle of "Azurine" is also in preparation here.

JOHN T. RAYMOND'S clever impersonation of Col. Mulberry Sellers delighted large audiences at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Oct. 7. He will appear in the same character during the present week, being followed by Lotta on the 16th of October.

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FROM CHICAGO, ILL., under date of Oct. 6, our correspondent sends the following: "A large business has been done during the week at McVicker's Theatre, the audience having filled nightly. Geo. Fawcett Rowe, in his eccentric impersonation of Wolfson Stray in 'Brass,' has proved most amusing. The support was eminently satisfactory. Mr. Thorne as Wyvern had quite a small part, but made it most acceptable; Mr. Bainford as Admiral Hawker, and Mr. Seymour as the curate Horatio Tibbetts, were especital in make-up and assumption; Mark Smith gave evidence of some of his father's talent as James Bolance; Miss Helen Tracey played the charming character of Sybil Hawker with delightful vivacity, being decidedly her best impersonation of the season; and Mrs. Murdoch, Mrs. Stoneall and Miss Marble completed an excellent cast. So great has been the success of Rowe in 'Brass' that it will be continued the coming week. Mr. McVicker has purchased the following new plays, which will receive their first representation here this season: 'The Great Divorce Case,' 'Scandals of Yesterday,' 'The Law of the Land,' 'Doomed to Die,' and 'Too Late to Save.' Five weeks of Shakespeare will also be given at this house. Joe Murphy follows Rowe.....At the Museum an immense business has been done, particularly at the matinees, when people have been turned away on several occasions. The Two Orphans' has proved most attractive, and the scenery and cast are admirably effective. The Misses May Roberts and Dollie Peak may be credited with forcible and interesting portrayals of Louise and Henriette. Charles Rogers' impersonation of Pierre was most complete. Mr. Griffith and Mr. Gunning filled the roles of the Chevalier and Jacques satisfactorily. Mr. Hartwell rather overdid the part of Picard. Miss Cross as La Frochard, and Mattie Vickers as Marianne, gave artistic characterizations. The rest of the cast was quite well filled. The present bill having proved so successful, it will remain on the boards during next (this) week, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' still continuing the attraction for the off matinees."

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Detroit, Mich., Jule Keen and Sallie Adams performed during the past week. The "Jack and Gill" Pantomime Troupe is billed for this week.

STUART ROBSON IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—"The Two Men of Sandy Bar" was presented at the National Theatre, on Monday, Oct. 2, and during the week, by Stuart Robson and his company. Our correspondent, writing on Oct. 8, remarks: "So much had been written adversely of this play by the metropolitan press, that the hypercritical theatregoers of this city turned out in force to see how much merit there was in the piece, and cry raised against it. The verdict of our public was decidedly in favor of Messrs. Harte and Robson, as the audience continued to increase from the first night of its performance until the last nights of the week. The seating capacity of the theatre was fully tested. We have never seen a play meet with heartier applause and a warmer reception at the hands of a Washington audience. And this is according high praise, as is well known to every professional who has ever appeared here. Mr. Robson has certainly conceived a novel idea of a Southern fire-eating adventurer in his personation of Col. Culpepper Starbottle. It is an improbable character, but exceedingly funny and well played. His gorgeous make-up and personal resemblance will not long remembered. Miss Laura Don as Donna Jovita Castro acted so well that it seemed nature itself. Mr. Eben Plympton as Sandy Morton was exceedingly clever. C. T. Parsloe as the Chinaman made a hit. His appearance was a wave the signal for an outburst of laughter and merriment. Theodore Hamilton gave a finished impersonation of John Oakhurst the gambler. All the other characters were in capable hands, and gave entire satisfaction. The play was nicely placed upon the stage, and has proved, we think, a genuine success. The company will appear in Baltimore this week. 'Evangeline,' with Miss Annie Montague in the title-role, will be produced Oct. 9. Maggie Mitchell begins Oct. 16.....'The Octoroon' will be produced at Ford's Opera-house Oct. 9 by one of Mr. Ford's companies. The benefit tendered Mr. Harold Forsberg at the Opera-house Oct. 6 proved a complete success. Mr. Forsberg appeared as Farmer Allen in 'Dora,' and never appeared to better advantage. He was supported by amateur talent, much of which was most creditable."

MR. AND MRS. SOL. SMITH have returned from the British Provinces, and can be addressed for Fall and Winter engagements at Simmonds & Wall's agency. They begin an engagement of one week with J. T. Raymond Oct. 16.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY to support a lady star is wanted by "Star," who advertises. The plan of the company is a joint-stock corporation.

THE FAT TEMPLETON STAR ALLIANCE recently gave a grand yellow-fever benefit performance in the South, on one occasion giving four entertainments, and traveling nearly three hundred miles in forty-one hours.

T. CHARLES HOWARD, late manager of the Howard & Chapin Uncle Crook" Co., who has been an invalid with rheumatic fever for the past two years, as is known to most of our readers, is now in destitute circumstances. Physicians give Mr. Howard a hope of recovery if he can visit Hot Springs, Ark., immediately, and such of his friends and acquaintances as are generous enough to send him in money, there can find his address in our advertising department.

FERBER'S FIFTH-AVENUE COMBINATION is to perform this week in Omaha, Neb.

KENDALL'S COMEDY COMPANY played in Indianola, Ia., last week, and are billed for this in Des Moines.

MISS NORA BROADWELL of Cincinnati, O., writes us that she was taken to Toronto, Ont., by the Jule Keen and Sallie Adams Combination, and left there without means, she being a stranger in that city. She desires us to say publicly to return thanks to Mr. Morrison and the members of the company of the Grand Opera-house for assisting her to return to her home, and also to acknowledge the kindness of the proprietor of the Shakespeare Hotel in returning to her her luggage, which the managers of the combination had pledged to secure the board-bill due from them.

WITH THIS WEEK closes the engagement of the R. E. Stevens Combination at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., commencing last week. During their stay they have presented "Led Astray," "The New Magdalen," "The Two Orphans," "Jane Eyre," "Griffith Gaunt," "Still Waters Run Deep," and "Waiting for the Verdict," in a style which will long be held as a component theme of conversation, being to the strong political excitement in this section, the attendance has not been near in proportion to the merits of the troupe. Their presentation of "The Two Orphans" was one of the finest ever seen in the city. Henriette and Louise were taken by Miss Fannie B. Price and Miss Montie Ransom respectively, Jacques by George W. Farren, the Chevalier by Mr. Ogden; and the characters of Picard, his valet, and La Frochard, the mother of Jacques and Pierre, by W. J. Gilbert and Miss M. A. Purdy, were decidedly the best we have seen. After leaving here they go to Nashville for one week, thence to Memphis one week, at which place Mr. Stevens will begin to play stars, opening with Minnie Palmer, to be followed by Sothern and others, taking them through the circuit. Letter of Oct. 6.

THE SALSBURY TROUBADORS closed at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Sept. 30. The attendance during the latter part of the week was only moderate. Herrmann the magician was announced to appear on Oct. 2, but his engagement was postponed to 9, the theatre remaining unoccupied that week.

IN READING, Pa., at the Grand Opera-house, the following attractions are booked for the month of October: Lew Benedict's Minstrels 11; Fifth-avenue Dancing Branch in "Pique" 16, 17; Mrs. A. Sothern 18; Mrs. D. P. Bowers, John T. Raymond, Matt Morgan Combination, and Lotta to follow.....At the Academy of Music, John Thompson and his company appeared Oct. 2, 3, in "Moses and Aaron," to fair business. The company consists of John Thompson, Harry Buckley, W. H. Delafield, E. D. Blackford, J. Merton, Harry Sheppard, H. R. Brennan, Harry Prior, J. Burke, J. McDonald, Misses Marie La Brun and Dotie Nagle, David P. Wilkins is manager, and Ernest Stanley general agent.....Mrs. Mary Livermore appears 10, in Pottsville 11, Allentown 9, under management of Mr. Mishler.....Caroline Richings-Bernard Opera Troupe in "Martha" and "Bohemian Girl" 16, 17.

MRS. HENRIETTA CHANFRAU commenced her traveling season at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Oct 2, in Mr. Tayleure's comedy-drama of "Parted," and fully maintained before the fastidious critics of that city her reputation as an artist. We quote from two of the leading journals:

"Parted" is the strongest drama, in an emotional sense, that has been presented for a long time. Its leading feminine character is one which Mrs. Chanfrau can play, for which enables her to exhibit her rare dramatic powers as she has, perhaps, never before done. The impersonation was very fine—indeed, no less was to be expected from the accomplished artiste. Her appearance—young, radiant and handsome in the earlier scenes; sad, chastened and matured in the later, but always womanly, dignified and noble—was fully realized the character to the eye, and was effectively aided by tasteful dressing; her action was natural, spontaneous and effective, and her rich voice gave expression to the various shades of emotion to be portrayed in the most admirable degree.—*The Globe.*

It is not many seasons ago that Mrs. Chanfrau was one of the most favored actresses that Boston possessed, and last evening she appeared among us once more to deserve and, it is reasonable to expect, receive more than her old measure of favor at the hands of the critical theatre-goers. She also came with one of the novelties which are to enliven the present season—an emotional gem in four acts from the pen of Clifton W. Tayleure. "Parted" gives an inside view of one of the many small "Black Fridays" that are frequently worked up in the whirl of Wall street, no doubt by unscrupulous schemers, with as direful results to innocent families as are here depicted, though not always with as satisfactory a sequel.—*The Boston Post.*

MUSICAL.

THE MEMBERS of the Philadelphia Musical Association, including the professional fraternity of that city, held their annual election on the 3d of October with the following result: President, Thos. E. Harkins; vice-president, C. F. Stolle; secretary, J. C. Hein; treasurer, Jacob Beck; counsellor, John Holman. The organization has a large capital invested, and numbers nearly 800 members, having for its object the union of the musical profession, the protection of its members, and the cultivation of the musical art. The delegates to the National Convention will be the president, secretary and treasurer, with the addition of Messrs. Chas. Plageman and Gotthelf Mueller.

THE SARS, fixtures, statues, and all the goods on the premises of the Offenbach Garden, Broad and Cherry streets, Philadelphia, were seized for unpaid rent and sold by a constable on the 4th of October.

BLIND TOM will commence a short season at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 16th of October.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB, which has been before the public for twenty-seven years, is now composed of the following artists: Wm. H. Shultze, violin; Charles N. Allen, violin; Thomas Ryan, clarionet and viola; Rudolph Herring, violoncello; and Alexander Heinl (who joined the company the past season), contra bassist. Miss E. A. Humphrey, vocalist, accompanies them. They performed in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 4.

VARIOUS ARRANGEMENTS of "Eileen Allanna," J. R. Thomas' song, are published by Wm. A. Pond & Co. including a waltz and quickstep. See card for prices etc.

AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE, Mrs. Alice Oates and the English Comic-opera Company, under the management of Mr. Samuel Colville, were the attractions last week. "Madame Angot's Daughter" was sung on Monday; "The Princess of Trebisonde," Tuesday; "The Grand Duchess," Wednesday; "The Pretty Parfumer," Thursday; and "Giroflé-Girofla," Friday and Saturday. The attendance was excellent on the first and third nights; also on the last two evenings of the week. On Tuesday and Thursday it was light. This week Miss Clara Morris will inaugurate the regular season with the play of "Conscience."

A BANJO-PLAYER wishes to form a combination with a flute and guitar player. See Org's card.

JOHN MASON, banjo bass-string manufacturer, advertises in another column.

C. W. PEYSER, cornet-solo-player, recently engaged with the Worrell Sisters, advertises for an engagement.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER and a solo performer on the alto-horn who plays the flute or clarionet are wanted for E. B. Washburn's Last Sensation. Mr. Washburn requests Chas. and Marian Young to address him as per card. The show is to appear at Lynn, Mass., Oct. 14, Lowell 16.

G. H. ROWE arranges music for the orchestra, and gives instruction on the violin, etc., fitting pupils for orchestral playing. "The Arranger's Handbook," published by Mr. Rowe, can be found advertised in our business department.

THE KELLOGG GRAND ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY will inaugurate their two weeks' season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., giving four performances each week.

MLLE. AIMEE and her opera-bouffe company commenced a two weeks' season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 2d inst. "La Trimbala D'Argent" was produced for the first time in Philadelphia on the evening of Oct. 6, and failed to make a favorable impression on an audience rather smaller than usual.

THE BRISBOIS FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell Concert Troupe are advertised to appear in Tremont, Neb., Oct. 9, Grand Island 10, Kearney Junction 11, North Platt 12, Cheyenne, W. T., 13, 14. The troupe will then visit Denver and other towns in Colorado, as I afterwards proceed westward to the Pacific Coast.

BLIND TOM is to perform in Cleveland, O., Oct. 11, 12.

THE LADIES' BRASS BAND of Lincoln, Neb., carried off the premium offered for the best band at the State Fair. The band was in attendance every day, and played for the entertainment of the visitors. It is composed of young ladies of the best families in Lincoln, and is under the leadership and management of Prof. Pryor.

VARIETY HALLS.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to Oct. 6 is sent in suspended by our correspondent: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances 2 were the Duval Twin Brothers in songs-and-dances, Adrienne Grey in operatic vocalisms, in which she was well received, and Rosa Celeste in tight-rope exercises, which pleased well. The first-part was continued this week, and in the olio the Willis Sisters, Conners and Kelly, Agnes Sutherland, James Carr and James P. Jackson figured. The concluding feature of the programme was a condensed version of 'The Streets of New York,' in which Charles McDonald personated Badger. The political excitement is very high here just now, the State election occurring next Tuesday, and show business has consequently been light. Departures 7: Rosa Celeste, for Indianapolis; Conners and Kelly, James Carr and Agnes Sutherland, all for Chicago. To open 9: Boisset Family, Willis Sisters, Simpson Sisters, Hooley and Thompson, Leslie and Avery, Barry Durrell and the drama of 'The Ticket-of-leave Man.'.....At Heuck's Hall the new appearances 2 were Jerry Cavana, a clever Dutch comedian; Miss Estelle, vocalist and actress; Sadie Hasson, serio-comic vocalist; and Dan and Flora Mason in Dutch musical sketches. The attendance this week has tested the capacity of the hall. To-day the stage is being widened and heightened, and new scenery is being introduced. Departures 7: Charles W. Young, Marsh Adams, and La Pauline, for Memphis; Jerry Cavana, Leo, Hugh McNanny, and Lydia Rosa. To open 9: Vaidis Twin Sisters and Fanny Kemp, and coryphees in burlesque of "Forty Thieves".....This week the new feature at Schilling's Opera-house Music Hall this week has been J. M. French's Menagerie. Mons. Paul, who performs in the cage with four lions, has some very unruly pupils. He has been already bitten in the hand and leg. The Eagan, Josie Farron, Bates and H. P. Hodges, who were announced for 2, will now, it it said, appear 9. The attendance is large.....The only new face at the El Dorado 2 was Etta May, vocalist. Dick Dowlin, M. J. Hayes, and Minnie Herndon close 7. Dora Bishop opens 9. Biz fair.....The new faces at the Lower Market were Clara Belmont, vocalist; Ada Bryant and Lilly Vane, vocalists; McKee and Rice, song-and-dance; and Foley and Waters, jig-dancers. Closing 7: Lynn Sisters, for Columbus; and Cooper Brothers, for Chicago.....There have been changes at the Adelphi this week. Ella McCaslin closes 7.....The following people go from here to Memphis, to open the Olympic on the 14th: Marsh Adams, Charles W. Young, Billy Bryant, George Wild, Joe Davidson, La Pauline and Ella McCaslin."

DEATH OF HERR SCHULTZE.—This well-known performer died in the Cincinnati(O.)Hospital at 5 o'clock A. M. on Oct. 5. He had been gradually sinking from consumption, but continued his performances until Sept. 27, when he made his last appearance in public in Heuck's Hall. He made his first American debut in the Lyceum Theatre, New York, some few years ago, with Schumann's Transatlantic Novelty Combination, and subsequently traveled with that company through this country and a portion of Mexico, where he secured a handsome benefit. Since that time he has been performing in variety theatres. He was so reticent in manner that little is known of his antecedents, or whether he had any family. At the time of his demise he had some money in his possession. He was buried on Friday, Oct. 6, under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity, and his remains were interred in Spring Grove Cemetery.

FROM CHEYENNE, W. T., under date of Oct. 4, an occasional correspondent wrote as follows: "Owing to the rush to the Black Hills gold mines, and the two theatre being crowded with military, business at McDaniels' Theatre has been very good—so much so that the manager finds himself short of room, and is busy making extensive alterations. The new people who opened on Oct. 1 were Frank and Carrie Wilson, Miss Warren and Miss Harmon. All have all well received. They are to remain six weeks, and return early in the Spring. The company also includes Maggie Louise, Fannie Garretson, Mlle. Aubrey, Ella Newell, La Petite Lizzie, Master Harry, Walter Parker, George Summerfield, Walter Keeger, scenic artist. Mlle. Cecile remains a popular favorite. She is in the twenty-fifth week of her engagement.....McDaniels' Deadwood Theatre, under the management of Jonas Hellawell, is in the full tide of success, and several star performers are already engaged for next Spring, when the enterprising proprietor will run a six-horse team direct from Cheyenne to Deadwood."

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VARIETY MANAGERS in Baltimore, Md., are reported as follows by our correspondent under date of Oct. 8: "In view of the interest that attaches to political matters here, the patronage of all the variety theatres has been remarkable. The Holliday-street Theatre, which, under the enterprising management of W. J. Gilmore, has presented the best variety talent since its opening, has become a favorite resort for strangers at the leading hotels, to which it is adjacent, and every night attracts large audiences. Cool Burgess, after a week's entertaining eccentricities, goes to the New York Olympic, and Mollie Wilson, vocalist, closes, going to the Grand Central, Philadelphia. The olio is to be increased this week by the Orrin Brothers, gymnasts, and Mlle. Zittella, eccentric vocalist. Geo. S. Knight is German songs, recitations and dances, is far above the average of such performers, and Charley Waters and Andy McKee furnished an attractive minstrel sketch, blacking up and donning their duds in sight of the audience. 'Lady Audley's Secret' will be produced this week with a cast equal almost to that of any first-class theatre. Miss Estella Mortimer, who appears as Lady Audley, is a studious and earnest actress, deserving of every encouragement.....The New Central Theatre, Charley Howard director of amusements, last week presented one of the most attractive variety bills ever seen in Baltimore. The Freeman Sisters—Lizzie and Susie —appeared in the burlesque of 'The Two Orphans,' written expressly for them by B. H. Cox, and also presented a Centennial sketch called 'Now and Then,' illustrative of the men and women of to-day contrasted with those who flourished in 1776. The characteristics of these charming actresses are vivacity, skill in costuming, pleasing manners, and entire freedom from any word or act that would offend. They appear this week in Washington, accompanied by Ed. Collins, a witty actor and clever vocalist. Emma Granger and Boyd and Wade also close, going to the Comique, Washington. Remaining are Dan Collyer, a deserving favorite in negro eccentricities; the Irwin Sisters, petite and pretty dancers, and Ida Gilson and Maud Phillips, to New York; and Gibbons and McKee, destination not known. To open 9: Pettit and White, Morgan and Welsh, Harry Shay, Sherwood Brothers, G. A. Hill, Chas. and Nettie Leslie, Harry Mills and Minnie Darrell.....At Canton, a fair week's business has been done. The fresh faces Oct. 2 were Laura Bernard, a pleasing balladist; Georgie Carlyale and Son in acrobatic feats and Japanese ladder act, the latter being very creditably done, while in the former some neat and original ideas were introduced. Ada Lauren, a specialty "The Mystery, or Dancing as it Was and Is," winning applause for excellent dancing, as well as rapidity in making changes; the Ainsleys (Ned and Willie) in acrobatic songs-and-dances, deservedly earning the applause they received. Closing: Irving Wise, who retired after the first night, his place being supplied by Geo. Turner, a song-and-dance man of considerable merit. Closures 7: Ned and Willie Ainsley, to the Howard, Boston; Lizzie Mulvey, Philadelphia; Kittie Stanley, Pinchburg, Mass.; Ada Lauren and Geo. W. Turner, destination unknown. To begin 9: Kirk and Drew, Harrison Sisters (Laura and Emma), La Verde Sisters (Belle, Lillie and Minnie), Emma Brennan and Col. Ruth Goshen. Advices of Oct. 7.

LAZELLE AND MAYETT, a gymnastic act and the Dillons in their musical sketches were the new appearances at Stewart's Novelty Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Oct. 7. Fattie Stewart appeared as Beecher in his burlesque of "The Brooklyn Scandal." Miss Clara Smith, Miss Annie Mansfield, Jennie Lou Lewis, the Centre Sisters and Prof. Westerfield open Oct. 9.

J. D. WARD & Co. have leased the Fall River, Mass., Opera-house, rechristened it Ward's Opera-house, and open it for the season on 9, with the following company Oct. 7, the fresh faces there being the Miaco Brothers—Alfred and William—in a very clever trapeze act, the ventriloquism of Phil Heath, the capital burlesque specialties of Wash Norton, Miss Eloise Allen's excellent vocalism, German and Dorner in their songs-and-dances, the Sharpleys in their musical act, and Miss Fanny Herring's vivacious personation of Pocahontas in Brougham's burlesque of that name, each and all of the above-named meeting with a deservedly hearty welcome. The new faces appearing 2 were the 9th inst. are Annie Hindle, Mollie Wilson, Jennie Misco, Watson and Ellis, Carroll and Barry, and Miss Lida Kenyon.

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WE REGRET to announce the death of Mrs. Amanda Morrison, professionally known as Amanda Lee, and who was for a long time favorably known at the leading variety theatres of San Francisco and Philadelphia as an exceedingly versatile artist. She succumbed on the evening of Oct. 6, at her sister's residence, Philadelphia, to the insidious disease consumption which for over a year past had been gradually but surely sapping her life. For the last six months she had been very feeble, being confined to her bed. As she was in destitute circumstances, owing to her long illness—Harry Enochs generously gave her the use of his variety theatre, in Philadelphia, for a matinee performance for her benefit on the 24th of August last, which netted a nice little sum and helped to alleviate her sufferings. Her decease was expected, but many of her friends in California and elsewhere throughout the country will be surprised to hear that she has gone from among us. She made her first appearance in Philadelphia on the 10th of March, 1875, at Enochs' Varieties, in songs-and-dances, and sustaining the title-role in the concluding drama of "The Brigand Queen." She was for a long time connected with that establishment, and at one time, in conjunction with Lew Spencer, was doing a double song-and-dance. We believe her last appearance on the stage was at Gilmore's Theatre, Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, during the week ending Aug. 7, 1875. Her funeral will take place on the afternoon of Wednesday, Oct. 11, from her late residence on Fairmount avenue, near Twelfth street, Philadelphia.

IN MEMORIAM.
AMANDA LEE.
DIED IN PHILADELPHIA Oct. 6, 1876.
Another on the stage of life
Has passed away, has gone;
She was beloved by every one,
And leaves a dear friends to mourn.
She suffered long, but murmured not—
He was her trust in life;
We loved her well, but not too well,
And now she's reveled in our strife.
Her spirit to a brighter land
On angels' wings has fled—
How hard she prayed to be received
By Him who rules the dead
Phila., Oct. 8. LIZZIE LA GRANGE.

MARTINI CHIRISKI'S SPECIALTY COMBINATION is to open in New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 16, for one week. The company consists of Martini Chiriski wire-walker and juggler; Dan Hart, comedian; Signor Gilbert, ventriloquist; Tony Ross, comic; Annie O'Neil, vocalist; Miss Ida Remick, serio comic; Pauline and Bessie Gilbert, song-and-dance.

THE STT. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., will open on the season Oct. 16. First-class performers and combinations desiring engagements can address Frank Flynne, proprietor.

BABY BINDLEY in her musical specialties, now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., opens at Tony Pastor's, this city, Oct. 16. Managers can engage her for vacant time in December.

LIZZIE BARRETT, character vocalist, who has met with success at the New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., can be engaged through her agents, Messrs. Kernan Brothers. See advertisement.

LITTLE CUPP is open for dates to perform in his acrobatic and balancing specialties on the high pedestal. Address Chas. Crosby, care of this office.

THE CITY COUNCIL of Nashville, Tenn., has refused to grant H. Victorelli permission to open a variety theatre there. R. M. Richards, proprietor of the Nashville Opera-house, was shot and killed four years ago for seduction, and since that time no one except Victorelli has manifested a disposition to start another.

AN EXCELLENT VARIETY BILL, with quite a number of novel features, has been presented during the first week of Manager Aims' regime at the Academy, in Chicago, Ill., and a good attendance has prevailed, the auditorium being crowded on the opening night. The special points of merit were the skipping-rope dances of the Misses Stetson and Weldon, and Linton in his musical performances on kitchen furniture, Miss Alecia Jourdan (who has improved vastly since her last appearance here) in her changes in male and female character songs, the three Arnolds in their triple clog-statues, Dunbar and Aldine in horizontal bar, W. S. Mullen in his instantaneous character changes, and Sheridan and Mack in their well-known specialty of "Who's Dot Knocking at the Outside Gade?" and in a new and capital burlesque of "The Two Orphans," in which they were supported by the company. The departures with the week are Sheridan and Mack and Alecia Jourdan, to New York. The new arrivals for Oct. 9 are H. W. Eagan, B. S. Hodges, Louisa Bliss, Jennie Eagan, Josie Farron, the Yates—Admiral and Lulu—and James Rennie.....A long and well-diversified programme has been given at the Coliseum, and large audiences have been in attendance. Joe Lang, a good negro comedian, and Patti Jerome, a transformation dancer, appeared Oct. 2. The interesting features of the week were the gyrations of the Levanion Family on the flying trapezes, and young Eldon, the artistic banjo-playing of Frank Converse. Thatcher and Hume in songs-and-dances, the vocalisms of Nully Pieris and Bertha Rowe, and the military evolutions of Chas. and Gertie Henshaw, and Chas. Murphy, of Detroit; Victorelli, young Eldon and Annie Bradidon, for Pittsburg; Frank Converse, Tommy Turner and Mlle. Patti Jerome, who remain in town; and the Levanions, destination unknown. The fresh appearances for next (this) week are Mons. Achille Phillion, gymnastic; Jeppe and Delano, and D. R. Hankins. A complimentary benefit was tendered Tom Allen on Thurs

TERMS.

Single copy 10 cents. Per annum, $4.00 in advance; invariably postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra.

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Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor.
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

CALL.—The ladies and gentlemen engaged at the above theatre will please assemble in the greenroom on Tuesday, October 17, preparatory to opening Sunday, Oct. 22, 1876.
R. E. tickets and information at Simmonds & Wall, 10 Union square, N. Y. D. BIDWELL. 28-2t*

E AND B FLAT CORNET-PLAYER, A DOUBLE BASS AND TUBA wants an engagement with a first-class company to travel. Is strictly temperate and steady. Can furnish Brass Band and Orchestra. Address L. T. ADAMS,
Leader Ottawa City Cornet Band,
28-2t* Ottawa, Canada.

CHARLES MELVILLE,
BUSINESS-MANAGER AND AGENT,
IS DISENGAGED
28-tf Address care of CLIPPER Office.

DEMOPOLIS OPERA-HOUSE
ASSOCIATION,
DEMOPOLIS, ALABAMA.
This Hall is now open and ready for use for
THEATRICAL, MINSTREL OR OTHER TROUPES.
IT WILL SEAT 500 PEOPLE COMFORTABLY,
and can be secured on reasonable terms.
Demopolis is a thriving town, situated on the Alabama Central Railroad, halfway between Selma, Ala., and Meridian, Miss.
For particulars, apply to
L. NEWHOUSE,
26-4t* Secretary.

EAGLE HALL,
NEW HALL, DOVER, N. H.
The subscriber has opened a first-class hall opposite the Boston and Maine Passenger Depot for Dramatic, Operatic, Concerts, Lectures, Minstrels, Variety, &c. The finest Hall in the city, and the cheapest four hotels within three minutes' walk from the Hall. For terms address
GEORGE G. LOWELL,
Box 242, Dover, N. H.
Or J. S. H. SHOREY, Billposter, No. 1,270. 27-13t*

WHEELER OPERA-HOUSE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.
Population, 80,000; seating capacity, 1,400; standing-room, 800; iron tilting chairs. License, light, heat and stage-hands furnished. Rent, $75 per night. For sharing terms address R. J. WHEELER. 21-13t*

A MAN with a grizzly bear from California, doing any exercise and being able to play with a child, wishes a situation in a Theatre or Circus, city or country. Address C. A. U.,
27-3t* 23 Wooster street, New York.

BANJO AND GUITAR LESSONS.
Pupils play nicely during one course; 100 testimonials; established 16 years; simplified method for banjo or guitar, 50 pages, 80c.; set of best banjo strings, 80c.; guitar, $1.20; 3 new pieces, simplified method, $1. Send stamp for catalogue.
GEORGE C. DOBSON,
28-tf 1,107 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

TO LET,
TO A RESPONSIBLE MAN ONLY,
THE CAPITOL THEATRE,
well stocked with scenery, etc. Saloon and costumers' store underneath.
27-tf G. OPPENHEIM, Albany, N. Y.

CHAS. B. GRISTE,
ADVANCE-AGENT,
as liberty. Address
26-tf 1,800 Master street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MISS EMMA PHILLIPS desires an engagement at liberty to engage for singing chambermaids, characters or burlesque.
26-4t* Address 1,800 Master street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRANK KIMBALL AS HANS in a new serio-comic drama, written expressly for HIM, entitled "Hans in America." Managers can address for dates, etc., ED. J. WINDHAM, St. Louis, Mo. 28-2t*

MANAGERS, AGENTS, AND COMPANIES visiting New Bedford will find the Bancroft House one of the best hotels in N. E. Everything new, modern improvements throughout. Nearest Hotel in city to Liberty Hall. Refer to Philo A. Clark, Miss Augusta Dargon Dramatic Co., and Stetson's Star Co., from Howard, Boston. F. G. BANCROFT, Proprietor, formerly of Benedict House, Pawtucket, R. I.

MUSIC HALL,
MEDFORD, MASS.,
the most popular hall in Medford. Well ventilated and lighted. Good stage and ante-rooms. New, first-class piano. Seating capacity, 550. Terms moderate. Address T. C. & G. F. NEWCOMB, Medford, Mass., or at 166 Hanover st., Boston. 28-3t

BAND UNIFORMS.
FULL DRESS COATS, little worn, of a regiment which has changed its uniform, for sale at reasonable rates. THESE COATS
ARE VERY
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Also hats and epaulettes. For particulars address,
E. A. HEATH,
28-3t 62 Church street, New York.

TRAVELING COMPANIES CAN SAVE MONEY by applying to BYINGTON'S HOTEL, Macon, Ga. First-class accommodations and
STRICTLY SPECIAL RATES.
AGENTS, CALL ON US FIRST. 28-3t

DOLLIE BIDWELL
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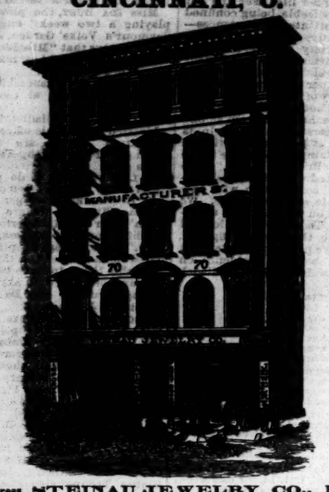
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